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Volume CCXXXIV No. 3043

The SPHERE, London, July 26, 1958

The SPHERE

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KING HUSSEIN CONFIRMS THE IRAQ ASSASSINATIONS—THE RULER OF JORDAN ADDRESSES A PRESS CONFERENCE IN AMMAN: Behind him are the Crown Prince Mohammed (right) and Akef Fayez, a member of the Cabinet. Speaking in a low voice, King Hussein told those present that "with heavy and distressed heart" he had to inform them that "murderers and rebels in the Iraqi section of the Arab Union" had murdered his cousin King Feisal of Iraq and the Crown Prince.

In the conference in his capital, which was held last Sunday, King Hussein also referred to his position as Head of State of the Arab Union of Jordan and Iraq. But by the week-end the future of the federation was difficult to foresee. On the one hand several states, notably Russia and the United Arab Republic, had recognised the new regime in Bagdad and Colonel Salam Aref, one of the leaders of the military *coup*, had visited President Nasser in Damascus. On the other hand, British troop movements were continuing to Jordan to prevent subversion there and an extra force had been sent to Bahrein in the Persian Gulf. The Americans in Lebanon were stated to number about 10,000 and American economic aid had been offered to Jordan. Meanwhile chief attention in the world crisis was focussed on the diplomatic moves and counter-moves being made between West and East as a result of Mr. Khrushchev's proposal for an immediate five-power Summit conference to discuss the Middle East. Mr. Macmillan gave Britain's initial reply in the House of Commons on Monday afternoon. (Further crisis pictures are on pages 116-119, 124-125, 135-137. Special map on pages 142-143.)

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THE SECOND OF THE SEASON'S ROYAL GARDEN PARTIES: A general view of some of the 8,000 guests as they assembled in the grounds of Buckingham Palace. The garden party was preceded by the last presentation party for the débutantes at which the Queen Mother and the Duke of Edinburgh, on behalf of the Queen, received some 200 débutantes, all from the Commonwealth.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S GIFT OF PORT AUCTI presented to Prince Philip during a State of the National Playing Fields Association, of

A London Newslette

195-198, STRAND, W.C

"Auri Sacra Fames."—The cursed hunger for gold in the liquid form of oil is the cause of half the trouble in the Middle East. The sudden and unexpected crisis in Iraq threatens the whole position of the Western Allies in the Middle East. It knocks a hole in the Bagdad Pact, in which Iraq is (or was) the only Arab member, and more important, an Arab State which uniquely has supported Britain by its power and influence and not merely relied on us for support. With Iraq lost to us and won for Nasser, NATO not only faces a huge breach in the curtain of defence but also a gap in its chain of air stagings. Oil sources there are threatened, as they may be in Kuwait and Bahrein. If the *coup* is successful, success must be contagious. Hopes of settlements in the Aden Protectorate, in the Lebanon, even in Cyprus, all will fade. Unless the *coup* fails and order is restored, this event may prove the worst blow we have yet received in the Middle East, the greatest triumph for Nasser, and a positive knock-out for Western defences against Communism. The situation is still obscure. Much must now depend on King Hussein who, though barely of age, has taken command of the Arab Union, and on the loyalty of the uncommitted Iraqi divisions. Ever since the Suez fiasco, mistakes and hesitations and a policy of drift have discouraged what allies we still have among the Arab States and emasculated the Bagdad Pact; and for this vacillation, the U.S.A., the senior partner in Western defence, had the primary responsibility. The news that the President had lost not an hour in landing 5,000 Marines from the Sixth Fleet in the Lebanon at the request of Chamoun and to "safeguard American nationals," instantly evoked comparison with Suez by our Opposition. What Eden then did is too close a parallel with Eisenhower's action in the Lebanon to resist such a comparison. Eden and the French acted, then consulted the United Nations and were trounced by the U.S.A. and the U.N. To-day the British Government warmly endorses U.S. action in the Lebanon. In this sudden world crisis, the dangers—in the present fog—appear about equally fearful through "peaceful intervention" or non-intervention. The agonising appraisement was quickly resolved by the President, and Britain as quickly endorsed his decision. How, then, would Gaitskell and Bevan, if they had been in power, have met the challenge? The debate of July 16 in our House did little to clarify that question. And so once more the danger-month comes round with its threat of world war, and once more British subjects whose lives and careers were based in these volcanic States, are in flight from their homes and offices and faced with the necessity of building their lives again.

Auri sacra fames, quo non . . . ?
O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint, agricolas.

And Then Jordan.—Much the same reasons which decided the landing of American marines in the Lebanon were adduced by the Premier in his decision to land troops in Jordan. In the latter instance, our Intelligence "confidently expected" a *coup d'état* in Amman on the Iraq pattern. The same kind of assurances were given and none of them are likely to convince the U.N. when they come to vote on these *faits accomplis*. The massed battle fleet of the Americans over against the Lebanon must prove very strong meat for the U.N. As for Jordan, we are in again as we were two years ago before Glubb was dismissed. Indeed, our troops were out only twelve months. One needs no further proof of the density of fog that hangs over the Middle East. No great nation concerned and no local ruler can see far beyond their noses. The Nasserite argument that no great Power has any right to prevent any Arab State from setting up the Government which a majority of its people desire is quite a strong one, and the U.N. will perhaps endorse it. Mr. Macmillan was roundly cheered as he opened and ended the House of Commons debate. No doubt, the Opposition will take its cue from the U.N. At the moment of writing, it hesitates to pronounce that the Nasserite argument is on the side of the angels in the particular circumstances. Meanwhile, once again, what should the Premier have done? What would the Opposition have done if in power to-day? Waited hopefully on the U.N.? Remember Suez. Ask yourself how things might have been to-day if the Suez adventure had been carried resolutely to its full purpose. There we are! As usual in our crop of crises in the late 1950's, the pot boils inside the dense fog of its own steam and we can only wait and see and accept it that nothing the pundits write is worth the paper it is written on for even twenty-four hours. The world may explode before the explosive months are over, or may decide to simmer on. But for years to come, it will remain on the hot-plate.

The Invitation to the Summit.—Khrushchev's demand for immediate Summit talk avert a "world explosion" was obviously incapable acceptance in a matter of hours. As clearly, the in Powers could not summarily dismiss the propos propagandist and futile, without the risk of increa suspicion of "Western aggression" and losing a ch of gaining a breathing-space in a very cr situation.

Sad Cyprus.—

In sad Cyprus let me be laid:
I am slain by a fair, cruel maid.

There is near anarchy in Cyprus. The death-roll i vendettas rises. Our troops crowd the available m space and our depleted police force is further dep by a long-term plan to maintain order. "Long-ter It will need a year to train them to the local condi It is a dismal prospect, not less so on reading Mak latest pronouncement: "The British plan shall no enforced so long as a single Greek is alive." Yet a p a vast, majority of the surviving population of Cy pray for peace and an end of slaughter and rapine, their local leaders are anxious to co-operate wit Governor. It seems a hopeless task. The trouble-m hold all the cards. The urge of "subject" nation freedom and independence has and always will cost "oppressors" dear, for the urge demands immediat total satisfaction. But that urge holds dangers and p lems less terrible than an inter-racial vendetta. The reason dies, the truth cannot emerge, and no compro

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t Sotheby's bidding is in progress for a pipe of port wine ortugal. The wine was given by the Duke for sale on behalf e is President. The total obtained for the pipe was £3,465.

is possible. Anarchy rules in the heart, in the head and in the land. It may be that a few years hence the importance of Cyprus as a military base will diminish. Then we shall assess what it has cost us in blood and treasure, and we shall ask ourselves whether it was all worth the price. Meanwhile, what else can we do than try to restore order in an island which is still our responsibility? Nature made the island fair. Men have made her cruel.

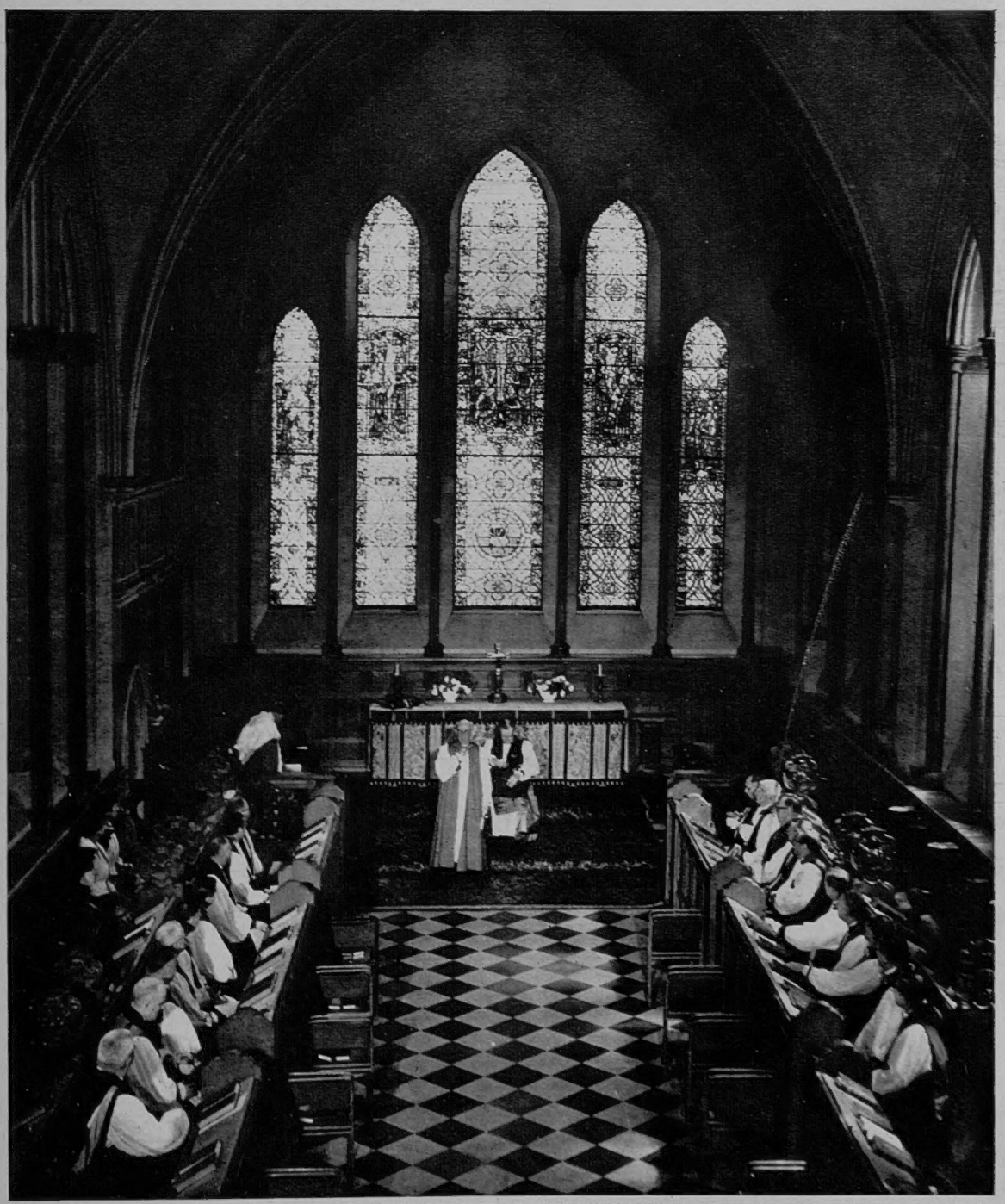
Deterrence, not Reform.—Speaking for Her Majesty's Judges at the Mansion House last week, Lord Goddard reminded his audience that the function of the Criminal Law, now as ever, is deterrence, not reform. The Criminal Law is there to protect the public by deterring criminals, not by reforming them. Even the victim of crime has interests to be protected. Reform of criminals is a matter for societies and individuals outside the Criminal Law, and good work is done by them. For many years Lord Goddard has practised what he preached, and indeed preached what he practises. The Lord Chancellor heard him and may not altogether have agreed with his bluntness. The Lord Chancellor in his exalted office very much concerns himself with the primary and middle criminal courts of our country, and from him often enough guidance comes down to Quarter Sessions and Petty Sessions. As a result of such guidance, in those courts, in my limited experience, the pure essence of the Lord Chief Justice's simple definition of the function of the Criminal Law *is* diluted with the objective of reform more and more. Time and again I have observed that a convicted man with a bad record, sent up for sentence from Petty to Quarter Sessions, is given one more chance to reform by being put on probation *after* having served prison sentences, and I am not sure that the paucity of prison "places" is not one reason for this policy. That paucity, too, in part accounts for the strenuous efforts of Petty Sessional magistrates to avoid a prison sentence for a "first-timer" who has done enough to deserve a prison sentence within the limits of Petty Sessional jurisdiction. Moreover, despite the Lord Chief Justice's dictum, the Court of Criminal Appeal is often prone to reduce Quarter Sessional sentences in the humane hope of achieving reformation.

Prison Escapes.—When the Criminal Law has protected the public by putting the criminal in a place of safety, the public demands that he should be kept there to serve his sentence out. Not long ago, the Home Secretary lightly declared that official statistics of the increase in crime are not always very useful or helpful to his department. To which the public replied that, if not useful to him, for whom were they expensively compiled? No pooh-poohing of statistics to-day will persuade the public that escapes from prisons and mental institutions have not alarmingly increased. The public will not be put off with the assurance that the Press to-day gives more publicity to such evasions. It was clear that the Government must now investigate the causes of the many recent escapes by dangerous criminals to whom all prisons are "prisons without bars." And I greatly fear that the chief cause will be found to be an economic one. There can be few more onerous and even hateful jobs than that of Broadmoor (and such-like) warders and of the officials of our chief prisons for long-term and dangerous criminals; and among them, it is likely to be found, there is a serious grievance that their pay is too low, their numbers inadequate and the prisons they serve in often too crowded and too antiquated for efficient precautions. If that be proved, then, like most other pressing problems of our day, the essential reforms will depend on a considerable further expenditure of time and public money.

From Jane Austen to the "Daily Sketch."—Once more Chawton Great House was last Saturday the setting for the Jane Austen Society's annual meeting under the skilful and witty presidency of the Duke of Wellington; and on this occasion a French slant was given by M. Réné Varin, of the French Embassy, who chose *Mansfield Park* as the novel which holds the chief appeal for French readers. As usual, it proved a happy and fruitful meeting at the gentle lady's shrine. It seems that these learned addresses at our Jane Austen Society are long remembered, and I am sure that both Harold Nicolson and Roger Fulford are well aware that gentle irony is a dangerous weapon and that most people who hear it take it *au bout de la lettre*. Exactly a year ago, Roger Fulford, in an address to the Society, took as his theme the dedication of *Emma* to the Prince Regent. He is an admirer of some underrated qualities in George IV. In the course of his speech he said: "I think we should be wrong in taking our ideas of what the King was like from the pages of Creevey—just as wrong as if we were to take our ideas of the character of, say, Lord Mountbatten, from the papers controlled by Lord Beaverbrook or of George V from the brilliant cartoons of that King which appeared twenty years ago in the *Daily Worker* . . ." Exactly a year later, Frank Owen, in his column "Good Morning" in the *Daily Sketch*, in a spirited defence of Mountbatten wrote: "No, we had to come *home* to get the smears (on Mountbatten's name). It was Mr. Roger Fulford who warned us in an address to the Jane Austen Society that a portrait of Mountbatten in a paper controlled by Lord Beaverbrook might be about as exact as a cartoon of King George V in the *Daily Worker* of twenty years ago." Little can Mr. Fulford (who is a modest man) have imagined that twelve months after his pleasant little address in the village of Chawton, his words would be pulled out from a file in the *Daily Sketch* offices and used in an internecine Press battle, to bombard the enemy and to defend the First Sea Lord. Jane Austen might have been surprised, too, and perhaps pleased. She was modest and not much given to the arts of publicity, but she had always at heart the interests of the Navy. But do not underrate Chawton. What Chawton says in 1957, Fleet Street remembers and acts on in 1958.

Coast Erosion.—What with trunk roads, atom stations, open-cast coal-mining, housing estates, and what not, our small, congested island can ill spare loss of acreage. It is therefore disturbing to learn that coast erosion in East Anglia still runs as high as 17 ft. a year near Southwold. At that rate we shall have lost to the sea another quarter-mile of East Anglian coastline in 100 years' time. No doubt we are making a bit elsewhere, but certainly not to the same extent. In our recorded history, we are made aware of what those inroads have destroyed of flourishing east coast towns which grew up in the days of Flemish trade. Aldeburgh's Moot-house stands on the beach; the bells of its drowned churches are heard of nights by the imaginative, ringing from the sea-bed, and some of the great cathedral parish churches hang on a crumbling cliff along the Suffolk and Norfolk seaboard. How many good acres has East Anglia lost to the sea since 1066?

THE OLD STAGER



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY RECEIVES SEWANEE DEGREE AT LAMBETH PALACE: Dr. Fisher is making his speech after the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law had been conferred upon him in the chapel of Lambeth Palace by the Chancellor of the University of the South, in the United States, the Rt. Rev. Thomas Carruthers, Bishop of South Carolina. Dr. Fisher should have received the degree in Sewanee, Tennessee, last May, but illness forced him to postpone his visit.

LANDING AT AMMAN: British soldiers watch members of the 2nd Battalion, the Parachute Regiment, disembark from a Beverley transport aircraft. The plane had flown the tro from Cyprus. A total of about 2,000 men of the 16th Independent Parachute Brigade were landed at the airport in Jordan after the request for assistance from King Huss The parachute troops have been accommodated in and around the old R.A.F. quarters on the airfield. There seemed to be no likelihood of U.S. troops being sent to Jord

The Middle East Crisis

BRITISH TROOPS IN JORDAN

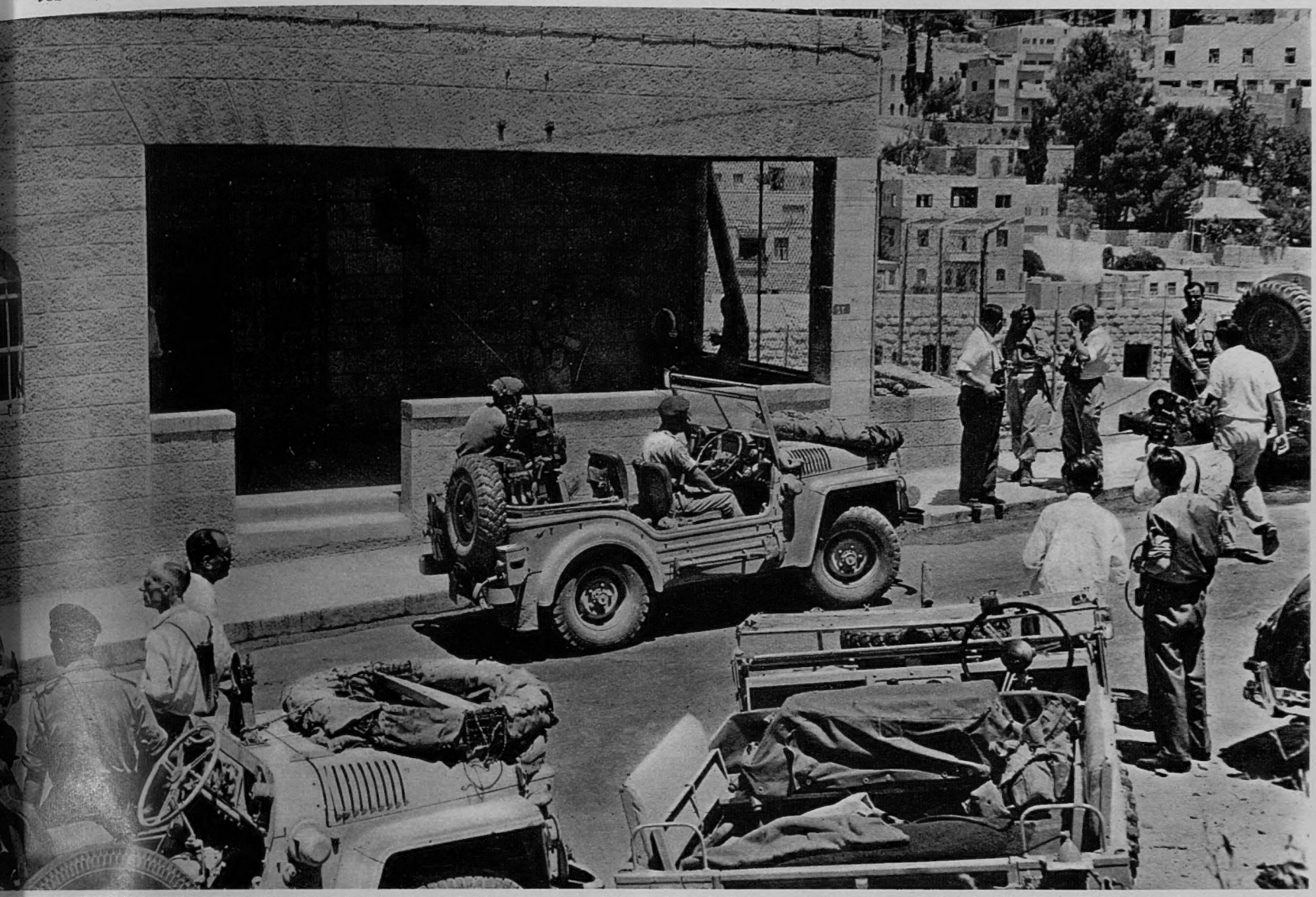
After the *coup d'état* in Iraq, in which King Feisal and members of the Royal Family were assassinated, King Hussein of Jordan, fearing a similar *coup* in his country, appealed to Britain for support. About 2,000 paratroops were flown into Amman Airport in response to this request. The revolution showed no signs of occurring, and British troops remained on guard at the airfield. Small numbers of British soldiers were later allowed into the city itself and received a cordial reception. On Sunday last Jordan broke off diplomatic relations with the United Arab Republic, because of its recognition of the revolutionary régime in Iraq. Jordan and Iraq had formed the Arab Union, the responsibilities for which King Hussein announced he had taken over in place of King Feisal, its former Head of State.

The United States released £2,678,000 to Jordan for economic aid. An additional £1,785,700 was also earmarked to finance the airlift of fuel to Amman, which was being carried out by Globemaster aircraft bringing in oil supplies from Beirut. Arrangements were made to continue the airlift for about fifteen days until it was possible to run an adequate supply by road from the Jordanian port of Aqaba.

After troop movements over last week-end, there were understood to be the equivalent of two British divisions in Cyprus and the Middle East, with the 10,000 American troops landed in the Lebanon. The 19th Infantry Brigade was flown to Cyprus followed by H.Q. 3rd Division.

On right—

ROUND THE AIRFIELD: Troops of the 2nd Battalion of the Parachute Regiment man their weapons in Amman. On their arrival in Jordan, British soldiers were given a friendly reception.



GUARD OUTSIDE THE BRITISH EMBASSY: Sitting in their jeeps, British troops guard the Embassy in Amman. A report that the Guards Brigade was flying to Jordan was probably due to the fact that there is an independent Guards company in the Parachute Brigade. Elements of this company went with the 2nd and 3rd Parachute Battalion Groups to Amman. It was understood that by the beginning of this week there was at least the equivalent of two British divisions on guard in Cyprus and the Middle East.

TER THEIR ARRIVAL: Paratroops relax in the sun at Amman Airport after they were flown into Jordan from Cyprus. The first phase of the airlift took nearly eighteen hours longer than was planned, partly through a seven-hour gap in operations caused by a complaint from Israel at the British Government's decision to fly over Israel territory. American Globemaster aircraft flew into Amman Airport at regular intervals from Beirut bringing in oil fuel supplies, carried in cans to solve storage problems.

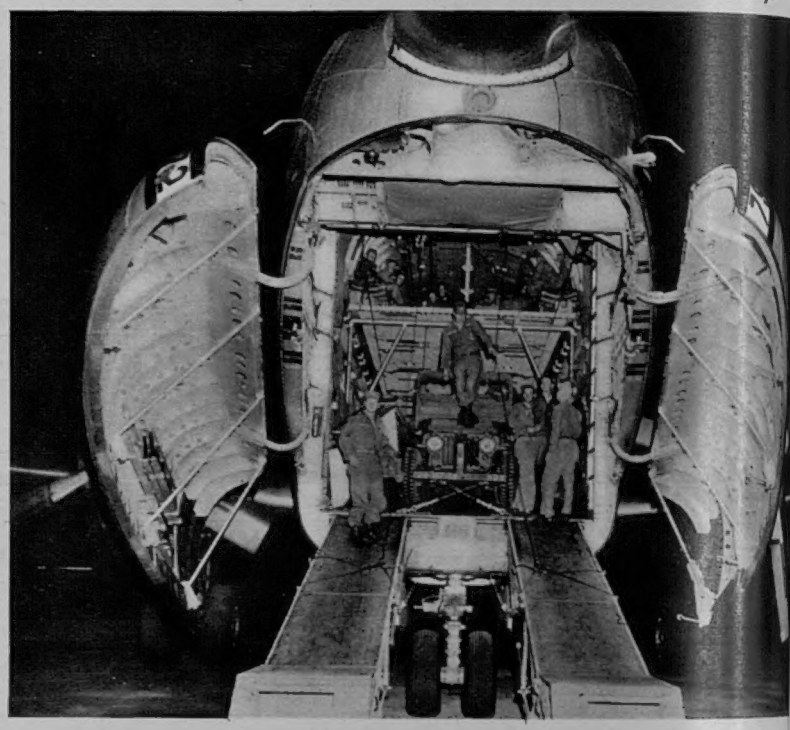
The Middle East Crisis

KEY FIGURES OF THE FUTURE?

The New Regime in Iraq; The Americans en route to Lebanon; Bagdad Pact Rulers

Above—**LEADER OF THE COUP IN BAGDAD: General Abdul Karim el Kassem, seen here speaking on the telephone in the Iraqi capital, was named last week as Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief of the Government set up after the military coup in which King Feisal, Crown Prince Abdul Illah and Nuri es-Said were assassinated. Behind him is Colonel Wasfy Taher. Kassem's brigade is understood to have organised the insurrection.** The revolutionary Premier is in his early forties. He is said to have received some of his military training in Britain and to be of serious character. In the new regime in Iraq he is responsible to a Council of Sovereignty of three members. Its chairman is General Najib el Rubaii. He is aged sixty, comes from one of Bagdad's oldest families and, even more than Kassem, is reputed to be an intellectual, having a particular appreciation and knowledge of Arabic literature. The other two Council members are Khalid Nakhshabandi, the military commander of Bagdad, and Kubba, a civilian and head of the Right-Wing Nationalist Istiqlal Party. Nakhshabandi is one of the younger generation of Army officers. He is in his late thirties and has gained some distinction as a Staff officer.

A RELIGIOUS SERVICE FOR THE TROOPS: Mass is celebrated by a chaplain for American soldiers at Adana, in Turkey. In the background is one of the Globemaster transport aircraft which flew the American forces from Germany.

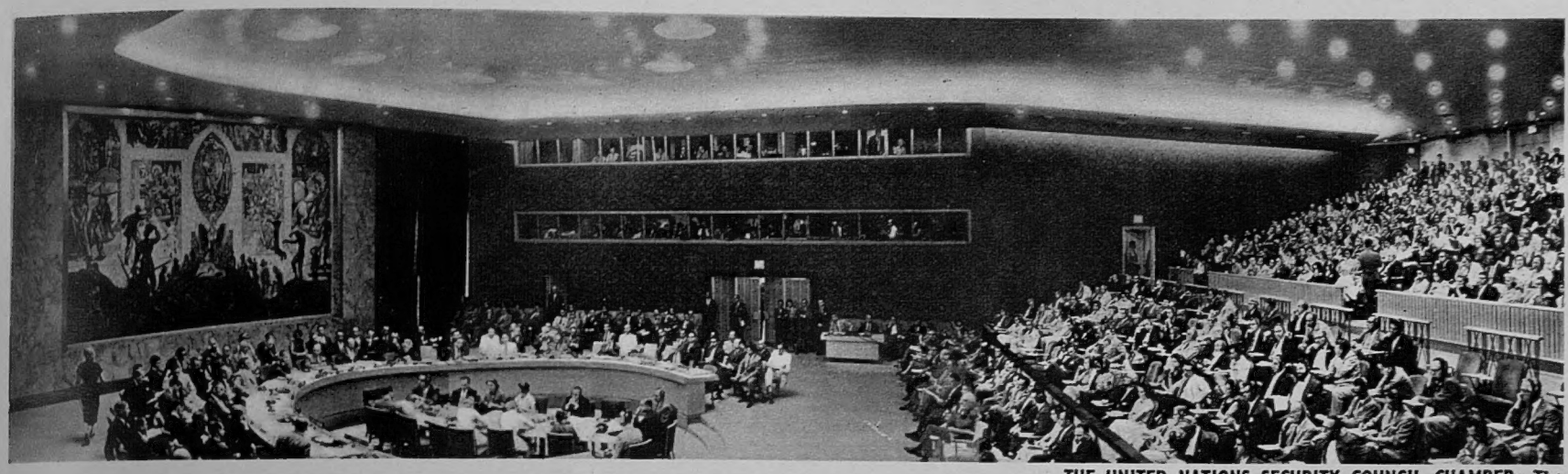


On right—**AIRLIFT TO THE MIDDLE EAST: United States paratroops surround a vehicle in the vast interior of a Globemaster on the Ciampino airfield at Rome. The aircraft was one of those carrying men and supplies from West Germany to the Middle East and had come down to refuel at the Italian capital. Presumably it followed this route to avoid East Europe.**

On right—

A CRISIS MEETING IN TURKEY: President Bayar of Turkey (second from left), President Iskander Mirza, of Pakistan (centre), and the Shah of Persia pass a guard of honour at the airport in Istanbul. The three Heads of State had held a conference in Ankara at which the other Muslim member of the Bagdad Pact—Iraq—was expected to attend. Instead, news was received of the revolution against King Feisal's regime. Soon after the American marines had moved into Lebanon, the two Presidents and the Shah sent a joint message to President Eisenhower in which they expressed their "deep satisfaction and relief" at his "bold and appropriate decision."

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

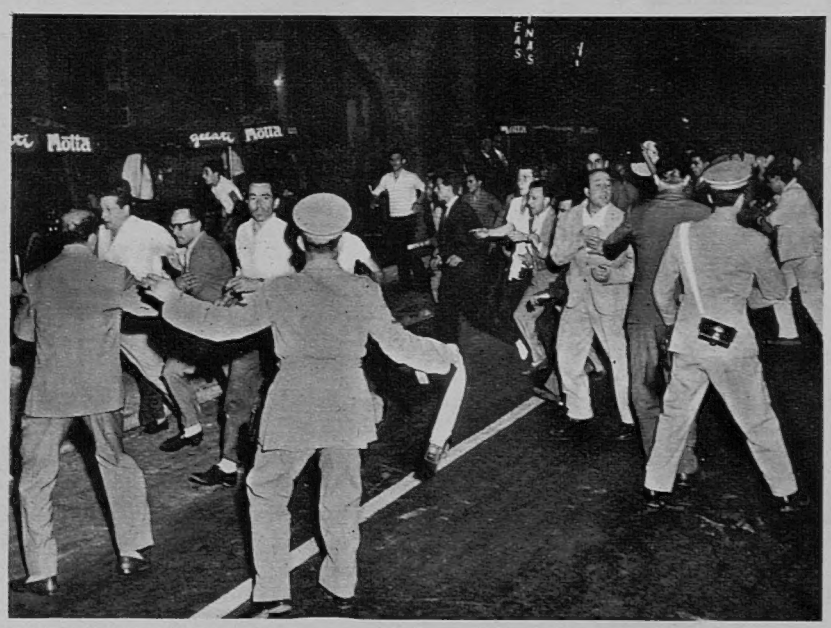


THE UNITED NATIONS SECURITY COUNCIL CHAMBER: The Russian delegate, Mr. Sobolev (bottom left, with his back to the camera), demands the immediate withdrawal of U.S. troops from the Lebanon and British troops from Jordan. The Council rejected this, eight voting against, with Sweden and Japan abstaining. An American resolution seeking the creation of a U.N. force in the Lebanon was vetoed by Russia.

On left—

AMERICAN AND BRITISH VOTES: While Mr. Sobolev, the Russian delegate to the U.N. Security Council, sits without moving (left), Sir Pierson Dixon (U.K.) and Mr. Cabot Lodge (U.S.) vote against the Russian demand for the withdrawal of American and British troops from the Middle East. Mr. Lodge called for an emergency meeting of the General Assembly, but agreed to defer a formal application until after the Japanese compromise proposal was considered.

A COMMUNIST DEMONSTRATION IN EAST GERMANY: In Potsdam a mob pulls down the American flag outside the U.S. military liaison mission to the Soviet Armed Forces. About 500 East Germans demonstrated before the mission, protesting against the U.S. landings in the Lebanon. The mission and American cars were stoned. In West Germany opinions expressed in the newspapers immediately after the landings were unfavourable.



PROTESTS IN ROME: A policeman uses his heavy belt as demonstrators are dispersed in front of the American Embassy in the Via Veneto. Some 300 to 500 Communist youths staged the demonstration against American intervention in the Lebanon. The West German and Italian Governments have taken up a neutral position over the British and American landings in Jordan and the Lebanon.

OUTSIDE THE AMERICAN EMBASSY IN MOSCOW: A crowd estimated at more than 2,000 demonstrates against American action in the Middle East. Placards bearing slogans were hung on the Embassy railings. There was a smaller demonstration outside the British Embassy. In a second incident outside the American Embassy, windows were smashed and stones and débris littered the ground. Reports indicate that the demonstration was carefully planned.

CHEERS IN CAIRO: Carrying a sign inscribed with the words "Embassy of the Iraqi Republic," Iraqi students in the Egyptian capital cheer and shout outside their country's Embassy. The youths set up the board in place of an old sign which read "Royal Iraqi Embassy." Jordanian students were reported to have joined in this demonstration which was dispersed by police.

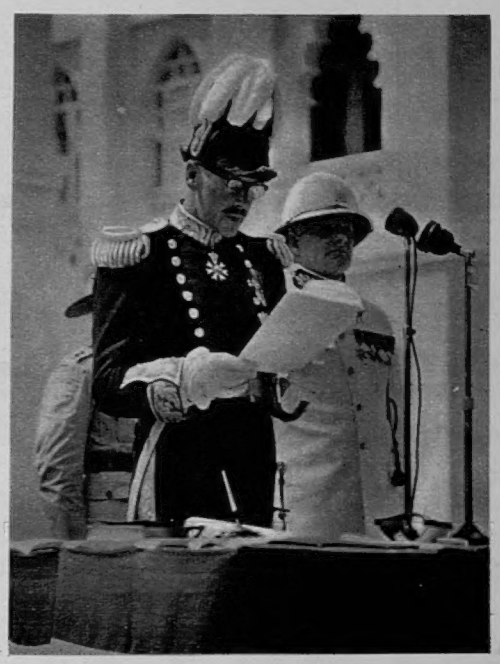
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

ON TOUR IN CANADA: Princess Margaret, who is carrying out a month's tour of Canada, looks at the extensive view as features of the Peace River are explained to her by Mr. F. McMahon, president of the Westcoast Transmission Company Limited. Her Royal Highness was visiting the McMahon refinery and compressor station at Taylor, British Columbia. Last week-end Princess Margaret performed only one official ceremony during a three-day visit to the lakeside resort of Kelowna. This engagement was the opening of a mile-long bridge across Lake Okanagan. Costing £3,000,000 and supported by anchored floating pontoons, it is the only one of its kind in the Commonwealth. The Princess had arrived in Kelowna after a visit to the cariboo cattle country, which included an unscheduled ride in a historic stage coach to a rodeo.

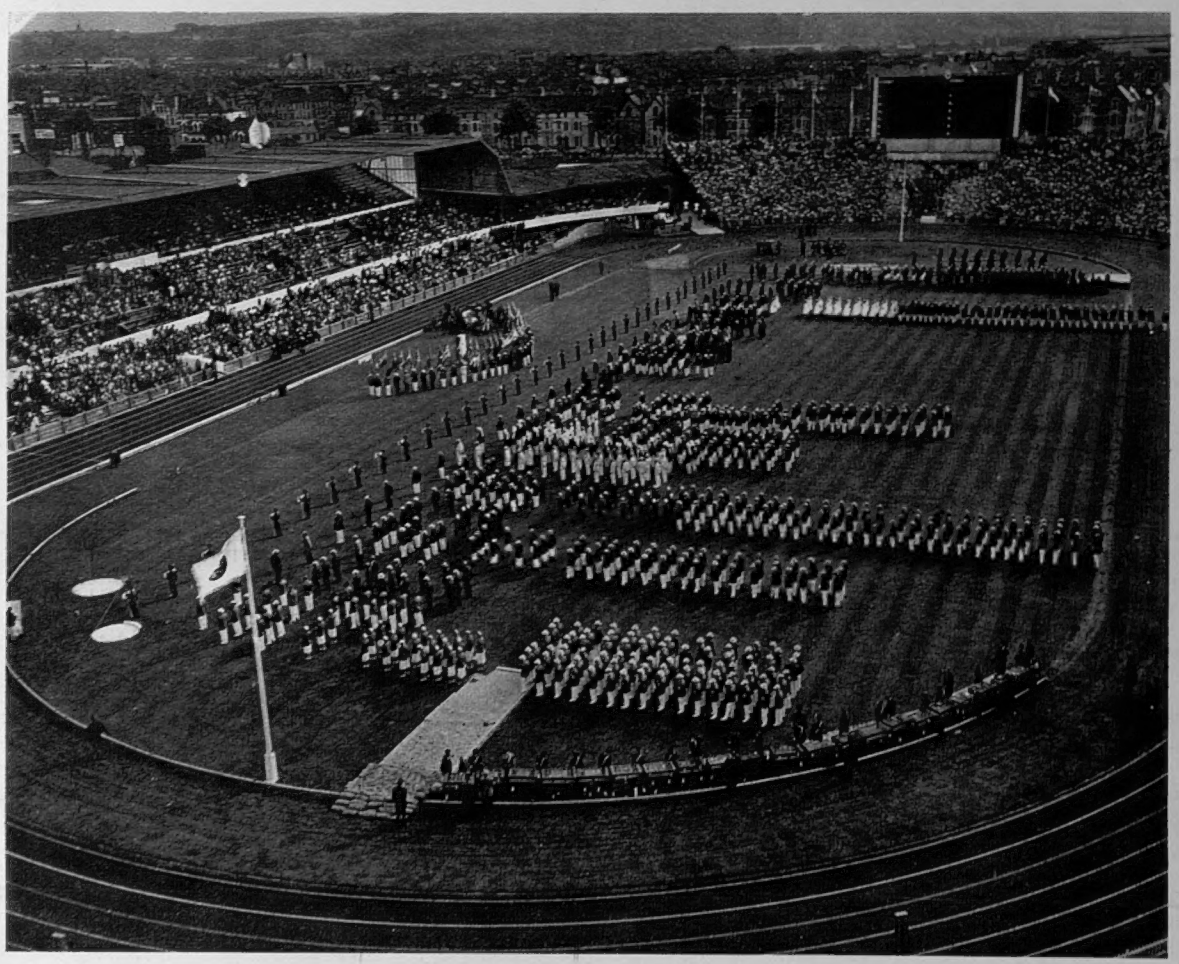
AN EVENING ENGAGEMENT: Her Royal Highness talks to the Premier of British Columbia, Mr. W. A. C. Bennett, before dinner at the Canadian Services College, Royal Roads, near Victoria. In the background is Rear-Admiral H. S. Rayner, R.C.N.

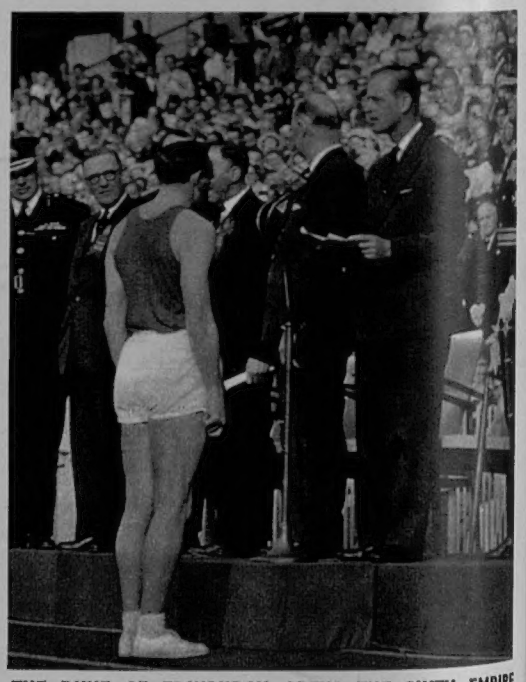
On right—

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF TANGANYIKA SWORN-IN: Sir Richard Gordon Turnbull, ninth Governor of Tanganyika, reads his inaugural address after being sworn-in at Government House, Dar-es-Salaam. As Governor he succeeds Sir Edward Twining, who retired recently.



A GIGANTIC TOTEM POLE FOR THE QUEEN: In Windsor Great Park the Queen Mother receives, on behalf of the Queen, a 100-ft.-high totem pole from the Government and people of British Columbia, to mark the centenary of the province. On the right is Chief Mungo Martin, who carved the ornate figures on the pole, and his granddaughter. They had flown from Canada for the ceremony.





THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH OPENS THE SIXTH EMPIRE GAMES: K. L. Jones, the famous Welsh Rugby footballer and Olympic sprinter, stands in front of Prince Philip after handing him the baton containing the Queen's message which he had borne into the arena at Cardiff Arms Park to a great roar of welcome from the assembled crowds. *On left*—A general view of the arena showing the teams assembled in readiness for the opening ceremony. From thirty-seven countries about 1,500 competitors are taking part in the Games, held for the first time in Wales at a cost of £250,000. A Games swimming pool has been built by Cardiff City Council at a cost of £750,000.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

ARSON IN CYPRUS: A British soldier sets to work to extinguish the flames in a building which had been set on fire in Nicosia. This was one of the numerous cases of arson during the recent very serious intercommunal clashes.

FIRE-FIGHTING IN NICOSIA: Men of the fire service scale a ladder to fight a blaze in a shop owned by a Greek Cypriot. Turkish Cypriots were presumed to be responsible for starting the fire. After the " black week-end " of a fortnight ago, there were further acts of violence in Cyprus last week, some in the towns and others in remote rural areas. Sir Hugh Foot, the Governor, ordered a " standstill " for two days. Traffic was forbidden on the roads except for essential services, communities of size were placed under a curfew and everyone was urged to stay at home. Nevertheless, the intercommunal shooting and arson continued. Sir Hugh made yet another appeal for the end of the strife, and as the crisis in the Middle East grew graver, the need for peace among the communities in Cyprus became all the more urgent.

THE NEW RESIDENCE FOR THE HEAD OF A CAMBRIDGE WOMEN'S COLLEGE: The long windows are a feature of the exterior of the recently completed lodge for the Principal of Newnham. The architect is Mr. Louis Osman and the building was made possible by gifts in memory of a former student, Muriel Lloyd. The house contains a central courtyard enclosed by sheets of glass. On the walls are four designs of pure cast aluminium, glass and crystal by Mr. Geoffrey Clarke representing the four seasons. Each weighs about 1 cwt. and is placed some 15 ft. from the ground.

On left—
THE ADDITION TO NEWNHAM COLLEGE: Second from the left, standing in the central courtyard of glass, is Miss R. L. Cohen, the Principal of the College at Cambridge. On the right is Mr. Louis Osman, the architect of the new lodge. Above them on the glass is one of Mr. Geoffrey Clarke's four designs which decorate the walls.

A ROYAL MESSAGE FOR THE EMPIRE AND COMMONWEALTH GAMES: Roger Bannister runs out of the gates of Buckingham Palace carrying a silver baton. He is flanked by Chris Chataway (left) and Peter Driver. They were the first of the relay teams which took the baton containing a message from the Queen from London to Cardiff last week. The route went by way of North Wales, through Llanberison Lake Padarn, where the rowing events are being held. Athletes of all countries participating in the Games formed the various relay teams. The baton reached Cardiff on Friday evening last week when the Duke of Edinburgh unsealed the baton and read the message from the Queen as part of the opening ceremonies.

FILMING THE STOCK EXCHANGE IN THE CITY OF LONDON: The camera in the gallery is adjusted to film members on the floor. The film in colour is being made by Puritan Films Ltd. for the Stock Exchange and is intended primarily for showing in the cinema which adjoins the Visitors' Gallery. There was exceptional activity while the members were being filmed on the floor as it was the day on which first news of the crisis in the Middle East was reported. The film covers many aspects of the Stock Exchange which are seen largely through the eyes of a married couple who visit the Exchange to buy some shares. Professional actors and actresses have the chief parts against the background of members and clerks.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE QUEEN MOTHER IN SOUTH LONDON: While on a tour of some of the gardens of South London, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother talks to Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey in the garden of their home in Fentiman Road. In the garden next door are Mr. Albert Hayday, wearing glasses, extreme left, and his wife. During her visit to Lambeth and Camberwell, the Queen Mother also saw schools and the West Dulwich Police Station, the garden of which gained the Byng Trophy for the best-kept police garden in the Metropolitan area. Her Majesty was making the tour of South London under the auspices of the London Gardens Society.

A RECEPTION AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE, IN LONDON: The Queen Mother shakes hands with the wife of the Malayan High Commissioner, Dato Nik Kamil. The others are, from left, the Pakistan High Commissioner, Mohammed Ikramullah and the Begum; and the Malayan High Commissioner. Her Majesty was at a reception given at St. James's Palace by the Joint Commonwealth Societies, where she met Commonwealth High Commissioners and their wives, including the High Commissioners for India, Australia, New Zealand, and the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. She was received by Admiral and Lady Harcourt.

A RALLY OF OLD STEAM TRACTION-ENGINES: Some of the old engines, which fifty years ago did the work on farms that small tractors do to-day, are lined up at Eastingham, in Gloucestershire, ready for the parade. Afterwards competitors demonstrated the ancient traction-engines over wet and hilly pasture land watched by a large crowd of spectators. Still in very good order, the steam-engines showed they were perfectly capable of performing the work they used to do many years ago—some of them date from as far back as 1904.

HEAVY RAIN AND FLOODING: At North Stifford, near Tilbury, in Essex, a car takes to the verge of the flooded road, while another motorist peers anxiously at his engine and tankers plough by in clouds of spray. After a brief spell of hot weather, there were sudden heavy storms and rain last week. Thunderstorms caused flooding over Southern England and South Wales. Between 1 in. and 1¾ ins. of rain fell on Lincolnshire and Kent coasts; at Kew, near London, there was nearly an inch, well over one-third of its average July rainfall.

SHEEP-SHEARING: On a farm near Lydd, in Kent, Romney Marsh sheep are being sheared. *On left*—The mobile power unit provides the power for the sheep-shearers, who are being watched by holiday-makers. Piles of snowy wool litter the ground. Romney Marsh or Kent sheep are a long-wool breed, like Leicester and Lincoln breeds. Romney Marsh sheep found a second home in New Zealand. The breed is often crossed with the fine-woolled Merino to produce a mutton carcase much better than either parent breed, and the wool combines the fine quality of the Merino with the length and weight of the Romney Marsh. According to the kind of sheep, the shearing season normally ranges from the beginning of May to the middle of July.

World Affairs

THE VIOLENCE OF TRANSITION

By JOHN CONNELL

THE Middle East crisis, repeatedly thrust in one manifestation after another into the forefront of the world's consciousness, represents in concentrated form the challenge to which the whole of Western civilisation is constantly subject. The Iraqi *coup d'état*, two years nearly to the day after Nasser's seizure of the Suez Canal, seven years after the murder of King Abdullah of Jordan at prayers on a Friday noon in Jerusalem, is one more lurid, yet grimly familiar, manifestation of this endemic crisis.

Eighty-two years ago, when Britain's position as a world Power was vastly different from that which she so comfortlessly occupies to-day, a certain Mr. Stephen Cave was sent by Her Majesty's Government to Cairo to report on the financial condition of Egypt. He did so in these terms:

> Egypt may be said to be in a transition state, and she suffers from the defects of the system out of which she is passing, as well as from those of the system into which she is attempting to enter. She suffers from the ignorance, dishonesty, waste and extravagance of the East, and at the same time from the vast expense caused by hasty and inconsiderate endeavours to adopt the civilisation of the West.

A VOYAGE ON THE ADRIATIC: President Tito takes President Nasser on a trip along the Yugoslav coast. The picture was taken during the latter's recent visit to Yugoslavia. Some days were spent in talks on the island of Brioni, as result of which Nasser indicated support for Tito's "uncommitted" international policy.

Much has changed in the world since March 1876, but the essential truth of these sapient observations—and they are relevant to much else in Egypt's present state than mere matters of finance—is unshaken. They are applicable also, in some degree, to Egypt's neighbours, associates and rivals in the Eastern Mediterranean area and the Middle East. The transition from ancient chaos and lethargy to modern order and civilisation—even granted all the appropriate progressive accompaniments of education, hygiene and a respectable fiscal and financial system—was never achieved under Ottoman suzerainty.

When the Turkish Empire was liquidated and the British Empire replaced it as the dominant authority in the region, a new start was made. The passage of forty years has shown that to be pretty calamitous. Now that the British Empire is liquidated (a proposition, of course, with which many of the inhabitants of the region are in violent disagreement, convinced as they are that they are still the victims of a savage, oppressive imperialism) the transition has not yet been accomplished, and seems as complex, as difficult and as remote as it did when the great Lord Cromer first took up his appointment in Egypt.

The recent discussions at Brioni between Marshal Tito and Colonel Nasser, which M. Averoff, the Greek Foreign Minister, hurriedly entered, were an excellent example of the complication and the fluidity of politics in this region. If the assemblage of these three men round a conference table was surprising and not a little dismaying to the British Foreign Office and the U.S. State Department, it cannot have brought any joy to the Middle East and Levant experts in the Kremlin either. For this was a gathering of the disgruntled; but two of the participants were as much at odds with the Soviet Union as with the Western Powers. Tito is the Kremlin's present arch-fiend; he is the satellite that got out from under, and so long as he preserves his independence (and he has done so for a decade now in spite of all Russia's huffings and puffings) he offers a horrid proof of the chances of success to others behind the Iron Curtain who yearn to do likewise.

Nasser, in spite of the considerable buttering-up he received when he went to Moscow earlier this year, also encountered the sharp edge of Soviet *macht-politik*, and is a good deal less exuberantly convinced than he was of his own capacity successfully to continue to play off East against West. His country's finances are in a characteristic mess, and though Yugoslavia is most unlikely to be of any assistance in this respect, Nasser is poignantly conscious that he is in need of a friend or two.

It has been said (the source, I ought to explain, is mysteriously described as being "close to the Central Committee of the Communist League of Jugoslavia") that Tito suggested to Nasser that the United Arab Republic ought to pursue a policy of moderation towards Israel, and seek to establish a *modus vivendi* which would prevent the recurrence of tension-raising incidents on or near Israel's borders. It would be interesting to know—frankly, I don't—what Nasser's reaction was to this advice, the inherent soundness of which is not to be denied. But to follow it would demand a degree of courage, wisdom and statecraft of which Nasser hitherto has never shown himself capable.

On the other hand, that there has been a certain *rapprochement* between Greece and Egypt has been obvious since Makarios's visit to Cairo, if not before. The cause of it is dismally easy to discover: Cyprus. Every now and again some staunchly persistent expert on Middle Eastern affairs flies a kite about the resumption of Anglo-Egyptian relations, and always it is dashed to the ground. It would be as well if we could all get it into our heads that Nasser and his whole Junta are bitter and determined enemies of Britain. While Israel, in the Egyptian view, is the devil which must never be mentioned, since her existence is not admitted. Britain is the perpetual stalking-horse for every kind of resentment, spite and frustration by which these emotional but cunning gentry are possessed. Nothing suits Nasser's book better than to make as much mischief as possible for us over Cyprus; and he is perfectly capable of appreciating—and exploiting—the harsh irony of the fact that we are in this slough of sorrow and violence and hatred in Cyprus solely because we sought to appease him by quitting the Suez Canal Zone.

The brief mood of optimism about Cyprus which followed the Government's announcement of a long-term policy for the island (readers of this page may possibly recall that I discounted it in advance) has been completely dissipated. We set ourselves the tragically familiar problem of reconciling the apparently irreconcilable; every facet of the catastrophe which looms is—or ought to be—known to us. Many of the best men of our stock have died, in Ireland and in Palestine (to cite only two earlier instances), in order to teach us the lesson which, it seems, we have never been willing to learn. We cannot, as Field Marshal Lord Harding has rightly insisted, shirk our responsibilities as the sovereign Power; but how and why did we, in our folly, contrive to make those responsibilities so humiliating as well as so heavy? To those who remember the Anglo-Irish Treaty of 1921 and the last phases of the British Mandate in Palestine the task of foretelling what the next chapter will be in this unhappy story is neither difficult nor agreeable.

When he went to talk to Tito, earning the Soviet Union's displeasure by so doing, was Nasser aware of the revolt which was brewing in Iraq and in Jordan? There is little doubt that the Government of the United Arab Republic had detailed foreknowledge and was a party to the plot. Its connection with the protracted struggle in the Lebanon is obvious; and the speed and the ruthlessness with which it occurred have served to demonstrate both the ineptness and the silly-sinister quality of Mr. Hammarskjold's recent manœuvrings in the Middle East.

At his insistence the Lebanese Government's analysis of the challenge to its authority was disregarded and President Chamoun's pleas for assistance and support went unanswered for far too long. The farce of the U.N. Observers who, taking their cue from the Secretary-General himself, saw no evil, heard no evil and spoke no evil (especially of Nasser), played itself out to its lamentable conclusion. Every Arab knew what was going on; every Arab was aware that the Lebanese conflict could only be the prelude to something much bigger; every Arab was conscious that the whole position of the Western Powers in the Middle East was at stake. But Mr. Hammarskjold was determined to be gulled.

This is not the first time that the Secretary-General of the U.N., in whose hands rest immense power and immense responsibility, has done the gravest harm to the cause of civilisation, order and freedom, and sought to render impracticable and humiliating any other policy than that of arrant appeasement. By refusing to recognise the truth of the Lebanese situation, and by impeding any resolute action by those in Britain and in the United States whose interpretation of that situation radically differed from his, Hammarskjold made the Iraqi-Jordan revolt inevitable and greatly enhanced its chances of success. He also made it supremely difficult for Western influence and authority to be exerted in any form in the Middle East.

Here in Britain some time has elapsed since we lost our capacity to take an independent decision on any Middle East matter and, having taken it, to follow it through to its proper and logical conclusion. Known to have been a primary aim of Russian policy in the Middle East for upwards of forty years, the expulsion of Britain from the Middle East long appeared to the Americans, for other reasons, to be eminently desirable. It was virtually accomplished four years ago, when we ceded our base in Egypt. All the consequences of that rash step, taken under American pressure, have been utterly calamitous.

When we effected our military withdrawal, we abdicated our political authority and responsibility, and we created conditions in which, sooner or later, chaos was bound to supervene. These are hard facts which the exponents of a policy of appeasement throughout this whole region have obstinately refused to face.

Why in our epoch have we been so eager to destroy all imperial systems, beginning with our own, the largest and (in many respects) the best administered? If there is one lesson which the history of the rise, consolidation, decline and fall of empires can teach, it is surely that we ought

> . . . always keep a-hold of Nurse
> For fear of finding something worse.

It was this simple principle which Nuri es Said, which the Hashemite dynasty, with all their quirks and faults, recognised. It was to this principle that they remained loyal with a steadfastness which ruined them in the end, but which ought to have earned our gratitude. But we sought to support them when we no longer had the right or the power to do so, having abdicated the right and dissolved the power.

The whole course of recent events in Iraq and in Jordan, with which I hope to deal at greater length next week, has been the logical outcome of our melancholy mishandling of a situation which in earlier years was not half as dangerous as it was allowed to become. Have we in the West—primarily, of course, the Government and people of the United States—at last learned our lesson? And have we learned it too late?

Two years ago Sir Anthony Eden, at the zenith of his great career of service to his country and the world, came tardily but grimly to face the reality of the challenge of Arab nationalism under Nasser's leadership. The attempt to counter that challenge was broken, under United Nations and American pressure, and under the pressure of a woefully and violently misguided public opinion here in Britain. Those who were wrong then show every sign of being as shrilly and as stubbornly wrong again. The pattern repeats itself, and the forfeit in this shameful game is steeper every time.

AN AMERICAN NAVAL FORCE AT SEA: **picture was taken four years ago** **American Sixth Fleet in the Med** **ranean.** The aircraft-carrier, right foreground, is the U.S.S. *Randolph*, b her is the cruiser U.S.S. *Salem*, the ship of the Fleet, with, to starboard, th craft-carrier *Midway*. Ahead of *Salem* cruiser *Roanoke* with the destroyer spreading out around her. Last wee Sixth Fleet was responsible for the l of United States Marines in Lebanon request of President Chamoun. There also other movements of ships of th

THE SIXTH FLEET

American Warships in the Mediterranean and Submarines for Greece

On left—

THE FLAGSHIP RETIRES: From the *Salem* (background) members ship's company are transferred bo'sun's chair to the cruiser U.S.S. Moines in the Mediterranean. The fer was made recently when *Salem* for home after serving for nearly years as Flagship of the United Sixth Fleet. Her successor is the bious Force Flagship, U.S.S. *Tor*

Operating throughout the entire Mediterranean, the ships of the United States Sixth Fleet have rarely been assembled together. Such an occasion occurred in 1954, when the force was specially gathered for the purpose of being photographed from the air by its own aircraft. Many of the vessels of that time are no longer on this station. The carrier *Midway* has been modernised with angled flight-decks and, according to the latest published information, is with the Pacific Fleet. The cruiser *Roanoke* has also been transferred to the Pacific Fleet. Since the picture across the top of these pages was taken the *Randolph* has been in the United States for various new fittings, including launchers for guided missiles. The cruiser *Salem*, the flagship of the fleet in 1954, has recently returned home, after serving for the best part of ten years on the station. The present flagship in the Mediterranean is *Taconic*.

Ships may come and go in the Sixth Fleet, but whatever their shape or size, they can claim to be carrying on a long United States naval tradition. It is not always realised that an American fleet was stationed in the Mediterranean as long as a century and a half ago. Its task was concerned with the suppression of the Barbary pirates. Ever since then there have almost always been some American naval ships in the Mediterranean. The Sixth Fleet of to-day derives from the warships which entered that theatre in 1942 and is undoubtedly one of the world's most potent naval striking forces. As attention is focused on its activities off the shores of Lebanon it is impossible for obvious reasons to give any accurate estimate of its numbers.

It was reported in the middle of last week that the aircraft-carrier *Wasp*, the destroyer tender *Shenandoah*, the naval transport *Missisinewa* and other vessels in Italian ports had sailed for "unknown destinations." The aircraft-carrier *Essex*, of the same class as *Randolph*, was understood to be in the Eastern Mediterranean. Admiral James L. Holloway, who is Commander-in-Chief of both the Second Fleet, in the East Atlantic, and the Sixth Fleet, had arrived in Lebanon. Incidentally, American Fleets in Western waters have even numbers and in Eastern waters odd numbers. Admiral Holloway visited units on shore and the *Taconic*. Originally rated as a Combined Operations Communications Headquarters Ship, she is now classified as an Amphibious Force Flagship and is equipped with exceptionally elaborate radar and radio equipment. *Taconic* displaces over 15,000 tons at full load and has a complement of about 550.

ADDITIONS TO THE GREEK NAVY: The decks are lined for the commissioning of the submarines *Amfitriti* (left of pier) and *Poseidon* (right of pier). Formerly they were respectively the U.S.S. *Jack* and U.S.S. *Lapon*. They have been handed over to the Royal Hellenic Navy by the United States Navy under the Mutual Defence Assistance Programme.

BASTILLE DAY IN PARIS

July 14 Celebrated with Greater Enthusiasm than Usual; a Special Welcome for Troops from Algeria

On right—

INSPECTING THE TROOPS: With President Coty, General de Gaulle passes in front of the troops drawn up along the Champs Elysées and around the Étoile, during celebrations in the French capital on Bastille Day. General de Gaulle then flew to Toulon for a naval review. No French Prime Minister has ever held such a review before, and the traditionally conservative Navy has never before been associated with July 14 ceremonies. In Paris a parade of 15,000 troops and 7,000 Algerian Muslim ex-servicemen and young Algerians marched past the French President.

Below—

IN THE OFFICIAL STAND: General Massu looks at his watch during the parade. With him is General Salan. They were in the official stand together with President Coty. General de Gaulle was not present as he had already left by aeroplane for the naval review at Toulon.

THE MILITARY PARADE: Some of the troops pass down the Champs Elysées, during the Bastille Day celebrations. Algerian riflemen and paratroopers from Algeria received a special cheer. July 14 was celebrated by the French with greater enthusiasm than usual. Huge crowds lined the route.

WITH MARTIAL MUSIC: Led by its band, members of the French Foreign Legion march down the Champs Elysées from the Arc de Triomphe. The crowd, estimated at over 300,000, gave a special welcome to units from Algeria. Occasional attempts were made to raise the cry "Algérie française," but there was little response.

CELEBRATING BASTILLE DAY: A firework, consisting of 926 pieces, patterns the sky. In the background is the Dôme des Invalides. Celebrations were thought to be the largest since the war.

DISAPPEARING INTO SPACE : The Northrop Snark (SM-62) jet-powered Strategic Bombardment missile roars into the air, leaving in its wake two columns of white-hot smoke from the two solid-fuel rocket boosters fitted on each side of the missile's fuselage underneath the wings. This picture is among the first to be released showing the Snark, the United States Air Force long-range inter-continental ballistic missile, undergoing tests at the Air Force testing centre at Patrick Base in Florida. The tests took place at the beginning of this month. The Snark, which has a range of up to 5,000 miles, is a surface-to-surface missile. It is 74 ft. in length and can travel at 600 miles per hour. On the launching pad it weighs 35,000 lb.

THE FIRING OF THE SNARK

Launching a New American Guided Missile

On left—

PREPARING FOR LAUNCHING : Surrounded by technicians, the Snark is towed to its launching base. This picture gives a clear impression of the solid-fuel boosters fitted underneath each wing. These come into operation during the missile's initial thrust, and fall away of their own accord when Allison J71 turbojets take over.

OUTPOSTS ON THE ATLANTIC

On the Aran Islands, in Eire's Bay of Galway, Life is Hard, but the Scenery has an Attraction of its Own

By ELIZABETH COXHEAD

THE Aran Islands lie across the mouth of Galway Bay, in Eire. As strongholds of the Gaeltacht or Irish-speaking Ireland, they enjoy certain privileges, exemption from rates and taxes, a grant of £5 per year to the parents of every child who speaks nothing but Irish at home; and recently they took delivery, amid wide publicity, of their first motor-cycles, refrigerator, and washing-machine (the last two working off paraffin). But these are superficial changes. Life is still hard and dramatic on these lonely Atlantic outposts; the weird beauty of the scenery and the strong individuality of the islanders' characters have not altered since they formed the principal inspiration of John Millington Synge, one of Ireland's most distinguished dramatists sixty years ago.

Inishmore (also called Aranmore), the largest and northernmost island, is nine miles long, with a good pier at Kilronan and a metalled road; it has about a thousand inhabitants. Inishmaan, the middle island, and Inisheer, the eastern, are each about a mile square and have some 600 inhabitants between them. Twenty years ago the population was twice as big, but there are signs that the decline is ending; Inishmaan school has more children than anyone can remember for a long time.

The small islands have no piers, and the steamer drops anchor in the bay, which means that everything must be rowed out in curraghs, the light lath-and-canvas canoes which are seagoing relations of our coracles. They ride like corks in the water, and the three oarsmen to each, using narrow, almost bladeless oars, negotiate the roughest seas with incredible skill. When cattle from the small islands are sent to market, they are swum out to the steamer tied to the back of a curragh.

At Kilronan, on Inishmore, where the steamer from Galway stops for two hours before proceeding to the smaller islands, a line of horse-drawn cars are waiting to convey day trippers up the road as far as Kilmurvey, where the best scenery is, give them a tantalising glimpse of Dun Aengus on its clifftop, and take them back again. As all the island houses are strung out along this road, it constitutes a built-up area, and gives no true impression of the place. To appreciate Aran, one must stop, at least between steamers, and preferably for a whole holiday. The Arans have this in common with their Scottish namesake of the two r's, that nobody ever seems to come just once. Our guide at Kilmurvey was a distinguished German sculptor who comes every summer from Hamburg.

IN MEMORY OF THE PATRON SAINT OF THE ARAN ISLANDS: The ruined Church of St. Enda, on Inishmore, is surrounded by gravestones. In the background the waves from the Bay of Galway break on the shore. Inishmore is the largest of the islands and was reputedly converted to Christianity around 480 by St. Enda.

It is when you leave the road and mount only a few feet above village level that the islands make their full impact. They are vast limestone pavements, built up in gentle terraces towards the Atlantic side, where they fall in dramatic cliffs to the sea. The pavements resemble the "clints" of Yorkshire, and are split by narrow crevasses, filled with an enchanting assortment of rare flowers and ferns. Looking back to the eastern shore, one sees green fields and thinks how lucky it is that this side should be fertile. But it is not luck, it is labour. Most of the fields are artificial, built up through the centuries by the islanders, who have scooped earth from the crevasses, carried sand and seaweed from the beaches, and created the soil they till. An Aran man digging will strike stone with every turn of his spade. Fortunately the shallow limy soil is rich, and the crops are good except in time of drought, which means disaster. But Ireland's terrible land-hunger is vividly brought home to one by this picture of immense toil.

The greater part of the pavement is still bare, and voyaging across it, one might be on some landscape of the moon. The villages rise like mirages out of a grey-white desert, which turns pink, like Alpine snows, with the evening afterglow. The islands are a paradise for painters, but they shout aloud for one such as Cézanne.

However inimical the islands seem to man, they have been his home from the earliest times. Dun Aengus, which crowns the cliff above Kilmurvey, is a fort with a long history. It has not been excavated, and some put its date as early as 1000 B.C. The central space is a flat horseshoe, protected on the sea side by 300 ft. of overhanging cliff. Round it are built three wide and lofty ramparts and the remains of a fourth, and between the outer two is a *chevaux de frise*, or thicket of tall stones set upright, which is still so bristling that you can only pass through by the path. Every stone has been dragged up here on men's backs; skeletons found had their vertebræ permanently curved from stone-bearing. There are two other, smaller forts on the main island, one each on the small islands.

The height of Dun Aengus is a delectable place on which to lie nowadays, with the larks singing overhead, the whole island beneath one, the Twelve Pins of Connemara standing up blue on the mainland. The walk continues to the remarkable cliff scenery immediately south, with the "Wormhole" for its main sensation. This inappropriately-named marvel is a swimming-bath so rectangular that it looks man-made, till you notice the fault in the rock which may bring another square chunk out one day. It is a pool fit for the old heroes.

The islands are equally rich in remains of the early Celtic church, for they were converted to Christianity by St. Enda in 480. It was here that St. Columba trained for his mission to Iona and Scotland. Most of the ruins date "only" from the eighth to tenth centuries. Most of them are on the main island, and the largest collection is the so-called "Seven Churches" beyond Kilmurvey, really the Abbey of St. Brecan, St. Enda's successor, with its monastic outbuildings. The oldest is Tempeall Benen on the ridge above Kilronan, a tiny oratory measuring 10 ft. 9 ins. by 7 ft. inside. The roofs have all gone; they were probably of thatch.

Aran is no place for the stand-offish. Whoever meets you will ply you with eager questions about where you come from, though London and Dublin are really of less interest than America, where every family has emigrant relations. The people speak Irish among themselves, a charming English, based on Gaelic idiom and syntax, to the stranger. Most of them now live in decent, if unpicturesque, modern cottages, and the old cabins have been allowed to fall into ruin.

On the big island, most people wear shop-bought clothes, but Inishmaan keeps proudly to its traditions, the men in homespun tweed, the women in full-skirted red dresses which they wove till recently. Now they buy natural off-white cloth from a small mill in Galway, but still dye it themselves. With them are worn rainbow shawls, and both sexes wear pampooties, bootees made from raw cowhide and ideal for walking on limestone.

In their economy the islands suffer from the fact that trawling, here as everywhere, has damaged the inshore fishing which used to be the main occupation. Farming is hampered by lack of water, which runs away in the porous limestone. Kilronan now has a reservoir, but everywhere else depends on shallow drip-wells; the tourist must not expect to waste water frivolously in a bath, but on Aran one "wears clean." The wells sometimes occur capriciously quite high up on the limestone, and then there will be a little oasis, a potato-patch, an oat-patch and a kitchen-garden, far from any house. Rough concrete cisterns are dotted about the fields, with splayed-out catchment roofs, to save water for the cattle.

The farmland is chequered with a tracery of fragile stone walls, one stone thick. There are few gates; when cows are to be let out of a field, a hole is knocked in the wall, and with swift dexterity built up again.

There is no natural fuel on the islands, neither trees nor peat. Peat has to be imported from Connemara by turfboat, at a cost of some £30 per year per family, which is a great hardship. But the Aran sheep and cattle still command higher prices than the mainland breeds because of their fine quality. With that, and Government grants, and many remittances from the faithful cousins in America, the islanders survive.

As with all isolated communities, there is a draining-away of intellectual ability. There are national schools, and a technical school to teach navigation and farming in Kilronan, but the cleverest children go off to secondary school in Galway, thence to the university and into mainland teaching or the priesthood. But those that remain certainly seem bright as buttons, and Aran is a grand place to be a child in. Most of the day he rides around on donkey-back hallooing in Irish, and of an evening he trots off to milk the cow, though he may be only eight years old. The older adolescents seem the least contented part of the community. They will ask you wistfully what it is like in London, and whether you think they would find jobs.

A badly-needed export which Fashion has granted to the islands in the last few years is that of their knitting. Originally the jerseys, in natural oiled wool, were for the fishermen, each family jealously keeping its own pattern. One theory is that this helped to identify corpses washed up by the sea. I prefer to think it was for genuine love of pattern-in-relief, as exemplified on the old Celtic crosses and interpreted in the intricate diamonds, cables and twists of the designs. Dublin students first "discovered" the jerseys; then they caught on in London and New York; now, often made in button-through cardigan style and sometimes in bright colours, they are worn by both sexes and go all over the world. One may girdle them with a *crois*, or multi-coloured woven belt, really meant to hold up trousers.

On each island one woman acts as agent for the rest, giving out commissions and sending off the work to Dublin or America. A woman who sets her mind to it can make a garment in a week or less, and it will sell for about £3 10s. in Aran, between £5 and £6 in Dublin, rather more in London, while I shudder to think what the price must be on Fifth Avenue.

Can the island way of life survive against the pull of motor-cycles and mainland opportunities? It would be a tragedy if it did not, for it is irreplaceable and unique. What is needed now is more material prosperity, and tourism would seem the best means of bringing that about. The Arans are emphatically "islands that like to be visited," and the sort of visitor who enjoys them is not likely to prove an unsettling influence, but on the contrary, should by his appreciation deepen his hosts' pride in their traditions.

And from his point of view, it is pure gain. The journey is admittedly long, but the last part of it is holiday pleasure. The accommodation is simple but comfortable, and the home-grown food delicious. (I cherish the memory of the lobster, caught by our hostess's son, which made nonsense of the Friday fast—for of course the people are Roman Catholic to the last soul.) There is something at once refreshing and haunting about this spacious windy landscape, as there is about some parts of the Brittany coast and of the Outer Hebrides. They seem to link us with our remotest ancestors, and one comes home renewed in body and spirit from a sojourn on the extreme edge of the western world.

(Further pictures on following page)

OUTPOSTS ON THE ATLANTIC

AN ANCIENT FORTRESS ON THE ATLANTIC CLIFFS: A series of stone obstructions leads to the main ramparts of Dun Aengus, above Kilmurvey, on Inishmore. The fortress is horseshoe in shape and of considerable size. Some experts consider that its origins may date as far back as 1,000 B.C.

A NATURAL BASTION WITH A MAN-MADE ADDITION: The precipices of Inishmore would be enough to repel most invaders. Beyond is another of the island's ancient forts, the Black Fort.

On left—

LANDING CRAFT FOR THE ARAN ISLANDS: Two curraghs are being rowed out from Inisheer. The islands have no piers and these craft, of lath and canvas, which are rowed with three narrow oars, enable people to land from, and return to, steamers in the bay of Galway.

On right—

A SWIMMING-BATH IN THE ROCKS: At first sight it may appear man-made. Known as the "Wormhole" it is a natural phenomenon on Inishmore.

AN IMPORTANT LOCAL INDUSTRY: Fishermen on the island of Innishmaan work at the making of lobster-pots. The osiers needed to weave the traps are grown in patches at the foot of nearby cliffs.

A RELIC OF DISTANT TIMES: The beehive hut is on Inishmore and is regarded as one of the finest survivals of the dwellings of the Irish in the past. To-day most Aran islanders live in modern cottages.

CONVEYANCES FOR TRIPPERS: A line of horse-drawn vehicles stands on the quay at Kilronan. Visitors landing for a quick visit to the island of Inishmore will be taken over the uplands to Kilmurvey in the next bay and then brought back. Anyone wishing to begin to know the Aran islands should spend several days on them.

THE GREAT SKUA: This rare bird has a very restricted distribution in both the Northern and Southern hemispheres. An important breeding station is Hermaness, a peninsula on the island of Unst, in the Shetlands, and a Nature Reserve.

IN FLIGHT OVER THE ROUGH MOORLAND: Great Skuas fly low towards the headlands of Hermaness. A total area of 2,383 acres is now a Nature Reserve. The district is notable for its bird-life, including guillemots, razorbills and gannets.

On left—
A RARE GULL: The Great Skua is about 25 ins. long and mottled brown in colour. In 1850 there were only two pairs nesting on Hermaness, but thanks to protection now afforded them there are about 500 pairs on the Reserve.

COLONIES OF BIRDS: Nesting on the rocky headlands of Hermaness, closer than the southern tip of Greenland to the North Pole, are many gannets, guillemots and puffins. Muckle Flugga and the Outstack, which are part of the Nature Reserve, are the farthest north of all the islands in Great Britain.

GREAT SKUA IN THE SHETLANDS

Many Breed on the Nature Reserve at Hermaness, Unst

THE Scottish Committee of the Nature Conservancy recently announced that a further 1,312 acres had been added to the south of the existing Reserve at Hermaness, bringing the total area up to 2,383 acres. Hermaness itself is a peninsula on the north-west of the island of Unst, in the Shetlands; included on the Reserve are the small islands, Muckle Flugga and the Outstack. The lighthouse on the former is the most northerly habitation of the British Isles.

The scientific interest of Hermaness is largely ornithological. It is an important breeding station of the Great Skua, a bird which is rare in both the Northern and Southern hemispheres. There were only two pairs on the island in 1850 and no more than nine pairs in 1890. To-day, however, there are about 500 pairs nesting on the Nature Reserve. This most satisfactory increase is attributable to the protection afforded them by an ancestor of the present proprietor, Lieut.-Colonel Laurence Edmonston. The wealth of bird-life now to be found on the peninsula, colonies of gannets, guillemots, razorbills, kittiwakes, puffins, and storm petrels, to mention only some, is largely due to the conservation policy of Lieut.-Colonel Edmonston. Red-throated divers, eider duck and Arctic terns also breed there.

The Reserve has been established under a Nature Reserve Agreement with the present owner and the Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses. By arrangement with the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, wardening is in the hands of Mr. L. Bruce, Haroldswick, Unst, Shetland. There is a watcher's hut on the slopes of Hermaness Hill, and, although it is remote, the Reserve has great possibilities for scientific research.

Although it was a very rare bird, the Great Skua used to be seen in other parts of the Shetlands. According to the eighteenth-century writer Low in his *Tour Through Orkney and Shetland*, " In Foula there is a privileged bird, no man will dare shoot it . . . when they meet it at sea whatever fish they have in the boat Skua always gets a share, and all this out of gratitude for beating off the Eagle (Sea Eagle), who dares not venture to prey on the island during the whole of the breeding season. . . . Skua is not so strong as the Eagle, but much more nimble; strikes at him without mercy, with such effect that he makes the other scream aloud, and his retreat is so sudden as to avoid all danger from the Eagle."

THE CULTIVATION OF TEAZLES

Known by Many Different Names, This Plant was Introduced into Britain by the Romans, and Has Been Grown Ever Since

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

"WHAT on earth are you growing thistles for?" It is, I was told by the grower, quite a common question from passing motorists. They see the mauve or purple flowers, perhaps some acres of them, and stop their cars to enquire—intrigued by the strange sight of a field of "weeds," obviously carefully tended. I am delighted to hear it: from my own observation I should not have thought that any motorist ever went slowly enough to notice anything in a field. Moreover, it is not such a silly question, for the teazle does look very like a thistle, even though it is a scabious.

By the way, which is the correct spelling—teazle or teasel? All the growers I have met use the former; all my botanical books use the latter. The *Oxford English Dictionary*, in this as in so many other matters, refuses to take sides and gives both forms, allotting the preference to that used by the botanists. I use the form preferred by the grower, not because I hold any strong conviction on the point, but because I feel that the grower may be in closer touch with his subject than the botanist.

Countrymen (other than growers) rarely speak of teazles at all. The plant must have as many common names as any other English wildflower, and a great many more than most, and it is these that are used (varying with the part of the country or even from parish to parish) and not the proper name. I have not made any serious research into this subject, but offhand I can think of the following: tailor's brush, draper's brush, barber's brush, Adam's flannel, sweep's brushes, card thistle, church broom, gypsy's comb, prickly back, Venus's bath, Venus's basin. Probably most of my readers can add to that list. It seems to be the same in other countries; a wealth of common country names, varying with the district. There are three Welsh names, at least seven Italian, four or more French and four or more German. I suspect that much the same would be found to be the case in every country in Europe.

There are three sorts of teazles: the wild teazle, with its pale lilac flowers, which is very common in hedges, open woods and along riverbanks, and throughout Europe; the small teazle with white flowers, which grows in very similar situations, but which is not common; and Fuller's teazle, which is so closely related to the wild teazle that in some floras you will not find it separated at all. Actually there is a difference, for in Fuller's teazle the bracts of the floral axis are hooked, which they are not in the wild teazle.

With so common a plant a wide variety of common country names is to be expected, but it is a fact that you do not usually find a wide variety of country names for a plant unless that plant is used for some purpose. I think that in this case the names applied originally to the wild teazle and not to Fuller's teazle (there is now, I think, no distinction) and that the plant was so well known, not because it was common, but because it had a number of herbal uses. Water is often to be found in the leaf-basins of the teazle, and this was once considered to have valuable cosmetic properties: hence the name Venus's bath or Venus's basin.

Some of the other names are obviously derived from the appearance of the plant and some from the use for which it has become famous. Strictly speaking, the latter should apply to Fuller's teazle alone; but they are applied indiscriminately to Fuller's teazle and wild teazle alike since the average countryman does not bother to look closely enough to see a distinction. The difference between the wild teazle and the small teazle is, however, unmistakable, and I have never heard any of these names applied to the less common plant. That seems to be known, wherever it occurs, as "tazzel."

It seems to be accepted that Fuller's teazle was first introduced by the Romans and that it was first planted in Gloucestershire. At one time the old, tough flower-heads were used extensively for "teasing" cloth. The man who did this work was called a Fuller (from the Latin *fullo*), but as the Welsh poet John Dyer (1699-1758) tells us in his poem, "The Fleece," the country name, in his part of the world, at any rate, was Burler.

> Then up hung on rugged tenters to the fervid sun,
> Its level surface reeking, it expands,
> And brightening in each rigid discipline,
> And gathering worth, as human life, in pains,
> Conflicts and troubles. Soon the clothier's shears
> And burler's thistle skim the surface sheen.

The name "Burler's thistle" seems to have died out altogether. But in Dyer's day, and long before and until much later, Fuller's teazle was cultivated in many parts of the country (as is shown by the wide variety of names derived from the work), but particularly in the neighbourhood of cloth-manufacturing towns and villages. It still occurs, and quite commonly, as a wild plant in such districts, but it is now cultivated in only a few areas and most of these, strangely enough, are not in the immediate vicinity of cloth-manufacturing towns.

But, wherever it is grown, you will find that there is a tradition that it has been grown in that very spot since Roman times. A few years ago I came across a field of Fuller's teazle in Essex (mostly it is grown in the West Country) and was assured that this field had never grown anything else since Roman times. This simply is not true. Teazle-growing is a very ancient practice in Somerset, but even there the present teazle area in the valley of the Ile is not more than 100 years old, if that. One reason for this (and there are several) is that the teazle-grower does not own the land he cultivates. It is done on a partnership basis between farmer and grower. The farmer provides the land and does the ploughing: the grower finds the seed and provides the labour. The crop is divided between them. A teazle crop takes two years to harvest, and the soil will not support another crop for some years. I think it is really rather astonishing that teazle-growing areas do not change more frequently than they do.

The seed is sown in March or April, sometimes by hand, sometimes by means of the old-fashioned fiddle. In October the young plants are lifted by means of a tool called a "speddler" and are then planted out in a stretch of plough, the planter using a special tool for the job. They are weeded two or three times. The weeding used to be done with long, narrow spades, which must have been very difficult, though men became so skilful in the use of the spade that they could thin carrots with them. A small motor-hoe is now coming into use, but has not altogether displaced the old horse-hoe.

HARVEST-TIME: On Mr. H. T. Derrick's farm at Uckington, in Gloucestershire, he and his wife and children cut the teazle heads as they gather in the year's crop. Thick leather gloves are worn and the small knife is curved and fits into the crook of the first finger, so that it is completely hidden by the glove.

THE TEAZLE: Sticking up round the heads are the stiff bracts; the plant has this appearance after the small purplish flowers have died. It is a tall biennial herb of the family Dipsacaceæ.

The cutting is usually done by women, who wear thick leather gloves and use an astonishingly small knife. This is curved and will lie in the crook of the first finger, so that it is completely hidden by the gloved hand and the women look as if they are picking and not cutting. When the teazles are cut they are tied in "handfuls" and slipped ("lugged") on to poles to dry naturally in the sun. (A wet July and August is the worst enemy of the teazle-grower.) Then they are stacked in barns for further drying, and are sold by the pack of 20,000.

At one time the cutting was done in three instalments at intervals of a fortnight, and the teazles were carefully graded according to size: Kings, Queens or Middlings, Twerts or Scrubs. Now there are only Kings and Twerts.

But that there should still be Kings and Twerts—indeed, that there should still be a teazle industry at all—is astonishing. In this mechanised age one would have thought that some gadget would have displaced them altogether. There is a gadget, a wiregig, a brush made of brass wire, which has brought about the virtual disappearance of the teazle-grower. But not quite: for apparently there is nothing to touch the teazle for the highest class of work, for the really superb cloths. Only the best is good enough for the best. And the best can now be obtained only in a few odd corners of the West Country from sturdy individualists, who do not own the land they work. May there always be superb cloth—if only for export.

COLOURING THE STATUES IN RIPON CATHEDRAL: With deft strokes, Mr. W. E. Jeffery (left) and Mr. F. E. Simpson work on the final stages of the colouring of the statues in the choir screen at Ripon Cathedral. Coloured statues in the niches over the entrance to the South Choir Aisle were introduced sixteen years ago. When in 1947 statues were placed in the thirty-two niches of the choir screen it was decided that eventually these figures and the groining above them should be gilded and coloured.

COLOUR IN A CHURCH

Ripon Cathedral Provides a Fine Example with its Magnificent Choir Screen

Compared with the cold austerity which is so frequently encountered on entering many of Britain's cathedrals and churches, the atmosphere inside Ripon Cathedral can perhaps properly be described as cheerful. This cheerfulness has been brought about as a result of the recently completed colouring of thirty-two statues in niches of the magnificent fifteenth-century choir screen. Although coloured statues are not a new feature of the Cathedral—they were introduced by Esmond Burton in the niches over the entrance to the South Choir Aisle sixteen years ago—the completion of the work on the choir screen enhances the beauty of the whole interior. When the choir screen was ornamented in 1947 by filling its thirty-two vacant niches with statues, it was decided that, ultimately, these figures and the groining above them should be gilded and coloured. Primary colours only have been employed but with an infinite variety of tonal shades. The variants of red, green, old gold, amber and blue have been subtly blended.

Above—THE RESULT OF THE EXPERTS' SKILL: This close-up view of the choir screen shows three of the thirty-two coloured statues. The gilding and colouring has recently been completed by Messrs. W. E. Jeffery and F. E. Simpson. They carried out the task under the supervision of Mr. Esmond Burton, who was responsible for the introduction of the coloured statues in the South Choir Aisle of Ripon Cathedral. A variety of tonal shades has been achieved by subtle variants of red, green, old gold, amber and blue on the statues of the choir screen.

On right—ADMIRING THE WORK: Visitors to the Cathedral inspect the completed statues in the niches of the screen. In the upper part there are twenty-four small figures, the majority of which carry musical instruments. The first three to right and left of the apex of the central arch are angels swinging censers. The fourth figures on each side represent Cherubim and Seraphim, standing with folded wings on wheels signifying Eternity. Each bears a star on its forehead. The extreme figures, North and South, are choristers holding scrolls.

AN EXCITING AND COLOURFUL HORSE RACE: Riding bareback, the horsemen take one of the sharp corners of the race round the Piazza del Campo during the Palio of Siena. A wall of mattresses has been erected on the far side to protect the spectators. The ancient city of Siena lies about thirty miles to the south of Florence.

A BLAZE OF PAGEANTRY

The Traditional Horse Race Round the Main Square of Siena, in Central Italy

Held twice during the summer months, the Palio of Siena is in honour of two feast days of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The main excitement is the horse race, which has its beginnings in the medieval celebrations dating from as long ago as 1482. Each of seventeen parishes of the city enters a horse for the prize, "Il Palio," an old tapestry showing the likeness of the Madonna. Accompanying each horse is a team of a captain, flag-bearer, swordsman and jockey. All of them are dressed in highly-coloured medieval costumes. After the horses have been blessed in front of the cathedral, comes the race in which the participants ride round the Piazza del Campo, the main square, three times. The jockeys are expected to do everything possible to impede the others, even using their whips—a horse can win the race even though meanwhile the jockey has fallen off.

IN MEDIEVAL COSTUME: Mounted on a white horse and accompanied by his groom, the Captain of Justice passes the crowd. *On right*—In the square the crowd watches the horse race.

A STANDARD-BEARER: During the Palio, each standard-bearer performs acrobatics, often hurling his banner into the air. There is a special prize and much honour for the best display.

The Middle East Crisis

U.S. MARINES LAND IN LEBANON

By Thursday of last week it was estimated that 3,400 marines from the American Sixth Fleet were in and around Beirut. No opposition was expected or met in the landings on the beaches and the first reaction of the local inhabitants as the troops made their way to Beirut airport appeared to be friendly. However, there was evidence of other feelings when the marines took up stations to guard the docks, railway yards, the American Embassy, President Chamoun's residence and parts of the European quarter. There was occasional sporadic firing by day and by night on some of the posts, but the Americans were under strict orders not to return fire " unless personally provoked."

In the Lebanese Parliament some members expressed disapproval of the presence of the Americans and declared that when a new President had been elected, the United States should be asked to withdraw her troops. A meeting of the Assembly for the purpose of the Presidential election was due to be held last Tuesday, but a few days before, members of the Opposition party stated that they would not attend the session. They declared that the new President should not be elected until " the foreign troops of occupation have been withdrawn." Saeb Salem, the rebel leader in the capital, having ordered his followers to cease fighting the Lebanese army, strongly denounced the American action in entering Lebanon.

ON THE ROAD TO BEIRUT: Armoured vehicles carrying United States Marines move along the coast road to the capital of Lebanon after they had been landed from vessels of the American Sixth Fleet. The heavy tracks of the vehicles bite deeply into the hot surface of the highway.

PATROLLING THE STREETS: In drab uniform and with camouflaged helmets, marines keep watch in Beirut. Since President Chamoun had asked for their presence, there was no opposition to their landing on the beach at Khaldi Bay.

COMING ASHORE IN STRENGTH: A heavy tank and other American military vehicles and material are being brought ashore in the port of Beirut. The day after the American landings in Lebanon, British troops were flown to Jordan.

PROTECTION FOR THEIR FELLOW COUNTRYMEN: A coloured soldier is among those coming out from the vehicle which has brought them to the United States Embassy in Beirut, which was one of the first objectives after the landings.

UNDER A SWELTERING SUN: A photographer takes pictures of cheerful marines as they drive past the George Hotel in the capital of Lebanon. In the great heat the American troops were grateful to be received by vendors of soft drinks, and not by armed opposition.

The Middle East Crisis

ON BEIRUT'S SHORES

WAITING FOR THE NEXT MOVE: United States marines carrying full equipment are watched by local inhabitants on the beach at Khaldi, near Beirut. They were waiting for the next orders after coming ashore in landing craft.

Below—

PREPARING THE WAY FOR HEAVY VEHICLES: Wire netting is laid out in the surf by the Americans so that armour and other heavy vehicles can be brought ashore from the ships waiting behind them. In a message to the commander of the first unit ashore, Admiral Burke, United States Chief of Naval Operations, signalled: "As you land you will be writing another chapter in our nation's history. I am confident you will uphold the traditions of the Navy and the Marine Corps."

OVER THE SAN[illegible]TO BEIRUT: Against the background of the ships which had brought them ashore, the Americans pause as they make their way up the beach of Lebanon. The first w[illegible] had cleared the sands of bathers and other spectators and enabled the landings to be made without incident. Discussing the operation, President Eisenhower in Washington declared his "considered and sober conclusion that, despite the risk involved, this action is required to support principles of justice and international law."

A FIRST PHASE IN THE AMERICAN LANDINGS: The marines in the foreground kneel at the ready while in the left background others move forward. In the right background interested spectators include a photographer. About 1,200 marines went ashore in the first phase and after two days the total landed from the Sixth Fleet was reported to be 3,400. Although pickets in some parts of Beirut were subjected to occasional sporadic firing, the Americans were under strict orders not to fire back "unless personally provoked."

NEW SHOWS IN LONDON

A Lighthearted Revue; a Challenging Play by a New Playwright; and an Unusual Musical

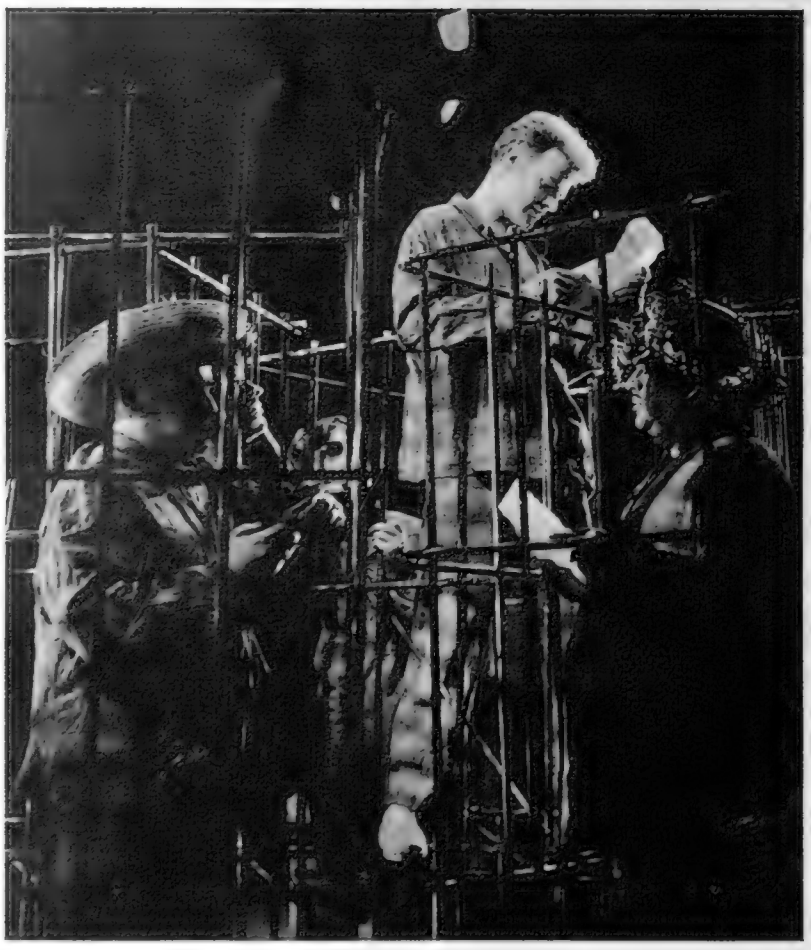
A NEW REVUE: The chorus sing "The Pretty Miss Brown," an item from *Living for Pleasure*, a revue written by Arthur Macrae, with music by Richard Addinsell, now running at the Garrick Theatre, in London. In the centre are Susan Beaumont (left) and Dora Bryan.

"DUSTBIN FOLLIES": In this sketch from *Living for Pleasure* satirising the present trend in gloomy drama, particularly at the Royal Court Theatre, Patience Collier, George Rose and Dora Bryan prepare to attack with their umbrellas. As three ladies from the audience they lead a middle-class revolt against the presumptuous youths. In this pretty, light-hearted revue for which Mr. Macrae wrote all the lyrics and sketches, the brightest star is Dora Bryan. Whether she is playing a teashop scandalmonger, a lady incapable of counting her change, Cinderella, or a lady who had an amazing adventure with a faun when she wandered into the wrong hotel bedroom, Miss Bryan is always delightfully and incongruously suburban. George Rose is amusing in several sketches. Daniel Massey sings well, especially as a Highland shepherd remembering his London successes. In the cast are Janie Marden and Susan Beaumont.

On right—

Hailed as one of the best plays by a new playwright to be seen in London for some time, *Five Finger Exercise*, written by Peter Shaffer, has only five characters and the exercise they perform is the acquisition of self-knowledge. Louise and Stanley Harrington live in a country cottage with their children—Pamela, their young daughter, and Clive, a Cambridge undergraduate. Into an already tense family situation comes a German tutor, Walter Langer. The mother, pretending to good breeding and a civilised mind, has quarrelled bitterly for a long time with the father, a self-made man delighting in his philistinism. The son is torn between them. Eventually a disastrous mother-and-son relationship, founded on possessiveness and idealisation by the mother, is disrupted when both mother and son are attracted to the tutor.

"FIVE-FINGER EXERCISE": *On left*—In this scene from the play running at the Comedy Theatre, in London, are, from left—Pamela (Juliet Mills), Louise Harrington (Adrianne Allen), Clive (Brian Bedford), Walter Langer (Michael Bryant), and Stanley Harrington (Roland Culver). *On right*—Walter Langer holds Pamela high in the air watched by Clive.



PARIS'S LONGEST-RUNNING MUSICAL: Elizabeth Seal as Irma-la-Douce, supported by the patrons of the Bar des Inquiets, sings "Dis-Donc," one of the hit-songs from the musical *Irma-la-Douce* at the Lyric Theatre, in London. On the extreme right is Keith Michell as Nestor-le-Fripe. *On left*—Nestor-le-Fripe, imprisoned on Devil's Island, reads a letter from Irma-la-Douce to Roberto-les-Diams (Ronald Barker) and Persil-le-Noir (Frank Olegario). The musical lightheartedly follows the activities of the Milieu, the underworld district of Paris. A young law student joins a gang and is soon involved, through his love for Irma, in a complicated deception which lands him in deeper and deeper trouble. In trying to extricate himself, he comes up against the police. By the end all the problems are suitably composed. This musical, which has one feminine role—played by Elizabeth Seal—is produced by Peter Brook in a version translated from the French.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

TAKING IT OUT OF THEIR HANDS

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

ONE of the quite visible changes that has come over British industry since the war is that it is beginning to be a rarity, nowadays, to see anyone in a factory pick up anything heavy on his own. This is not simply a matter of benevolent employers making life easier for their workers: it is a matter of costs. The workman in a modern factory without some power to supplement his muscles, be it a hoist, an overhead hook conveyor or belt, or some form of industrial lift truck, may count himself hard done by: but it is likely to be the factory's costs that suffer most. Manhandling, in the late 1950's, is becoming a luxury that few industries can afford.

Yet there is a vast amount of handling to be done in almost any industry that you can mention. For each finished product that industry turns out, materials will have to have been brought together, moved to and from each machine and each department, loaded, unloaded and re-loaded: it has been reckoned that in mechanical engineering, for example, a total tonnage of 50-60 tons will have had to be handled in one way and another for every ton of finished products. The movement of materials and semi-finished products between the actual processes of fabrication and conversion, again, seldom accounts for less than a sixth of total production costs: sometimes it may account for as much as three-quarters. And in one: and the more expensive the labour, the more effort —and investment—management finds it worth putting in to save man-hours. Skilled labour has been an expensive item for a considerable time; considerable effort and ingenuity has been spent for many years upon refining the equipment craftsmen use to make the best use of their expensive skill (though even here, until the last few years, a good deal of the production operative's time was often spent moving the workpiece into position on his tool and later taking it off). After the war, when it was clear that "bodies" of any kind, and not merely skilled ones, were going to stay relatively expensive, management was obliged to think about using unskilled labour, as well as skilled, more economically. And partly because the mechanisation of handling had been comparatively neglected before, the savings offered tended to be much more impressive than the extra refinements that could be wrung, expensively, out of redesigning production equipment.

This is not to suggest, obviously, that the mechanisation of handling operations is an entirely new departure in technology; it can be traced back in history to the first employment of the pulley, the wheel, the lever, wedge, and endless screw. Fairly elaborate handling systems to produce them in 1946. In that year only about fifty were made; to-day output is of the order of 300-400 a month, with about 200 other mechanical works trucks being sold as well. The fork lift truck has developed a vast variety of specialised equipment to pick up special sizes and shapes of materials; variants such as the straddle truck, the reach truck, the stacker and the side-loader have appeared for specialised jobs.

Use of these trucks, as of overhead factory cranes and hoists, conveyors of every kind, elevators and ropeways, has made possible a much closer integration of manufacturing processes in laying out new factories. Whether or not the linked-up plant is fitted with elaborate measuring and control gear and called "automation," it is mechanical handling that is enabling automatic operation to be introduced into many industries handling a succession of discrete objects (as against the process industries that generally handle gases, liquids or powdered solids through pipes). The ordinary power crane, as well as the elaborate custom-built conveyor system, offers this ability to link processes of fabrication and conversion into a smooth sequence—which can give the production engineer economies over and above those that the single machine affords in cutting down manual operations.

THE FISHER FLOW TOWLINE TROLLEY CONVEYOR SYSTEM: *Left*—The safety-trip mechanism is set on the towline trolley. The chain hanging from the conveyor system is attached to the top of the trolley. *Centre*—The tow chain is fixed into the trolley head. *Right*—The trolley is towed by the Flowlink conveyor. This view also shows the steering rail for manual control; the safety buffers; and the swivel towing head. The system is made by Fisher and Ludlow Ltd., Bordesley Works, Birmingham.

distribution, which is primarily a matter of movement and storage, costs of handling may represent an even larger item in total expenses than in manufacturing costs.

At the end of the war, it was reckoned that about 80 per cent. of all this physical handling within British industry was done by hand. No comparable guess has been made recently, but the proportion seems likely to have come down a great deal. What is certain is that the rapid increase in the cost of moving things by hand, and the way that this has focused the attention of management upon handling costs, have offered vast new opportunities to the people whose business it is to take things out of men's hands. This somewhat variegated group of manufacturers, whose products are lumped together under the label "mechanical handling equipment" have seized those opportunities. It would perhaps not be unfair to suggest that no industry has benefited more from one of the besetting difficulties of the British economy since the war—wage inflation.

One particular feature of the steady rise in wages during and since the war, which has not been matched by an equal rise in output per man-hour and has therefore contributed to an equally steady inflation of industrial costs and prices, has been that the wage rates of unskilled workmen have gone up considerably more than those of craftsmen. The "differential" reward of skill has tended to shrink, partly because the scarcity has been of all grades, and partly because of the growing importance of big unions in which negotiators are always under pressure to secure "flat-rate" increases that benefit the man on a low wage rate much more than his better-paid colleague. And it is the lower-paid, unskilled worker who was mainly concerned with the simpler, rougher jobs of manhandling materials and workpieces.

Labour-saving is not the only incentive management has to improve industrial efficiency, but it is a potent were developed in industries that have bulk quantities to deal with, such as flour milling, in the nineteenth century, though the conveyor-belt as such did not come into very general industrial use until the 1920's and '30's. But the "upward fault" that occurred in unskilled wage rates during the war, and continued almost as sharply afterwards, did thrust the economic considerations of mechanical handling in front of many managers who had never had to consider it before. This occurred at a time, moreover, when fairly refined cost accounting was becoming more general in industrial operations, pinpointing more accurately just where the costs go in a factory's products.

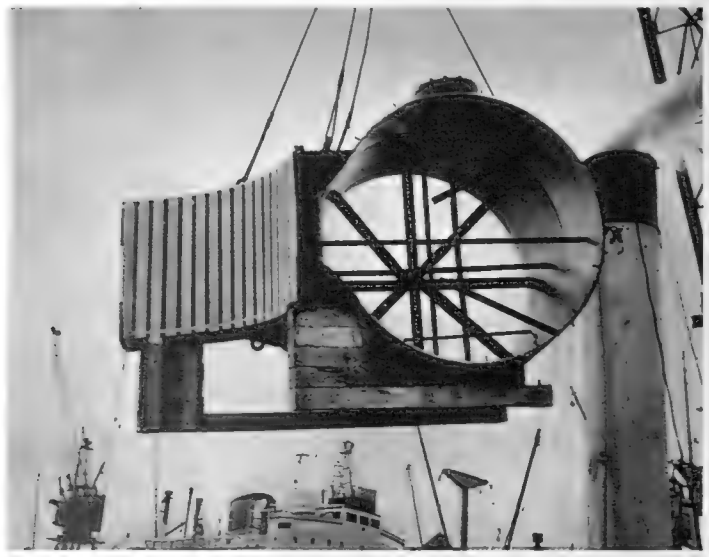
There are four main sections of the "industry" that specialises in cutting handling costs: cranes, conveyor systems, lifting and haulage equipment, and industrial trucks. All have been expanding, though at different rates: the whole industry's output to-day is probably worth about £100,000,000, which, allowing for price change, would be about twice the 1948-49 volume of output and perhaps seven times as much as shortly before the war.

The most rapidly-growing section of the industry, since the war, has been the manufacture of industrial trucks; the fork lift truck, which has become so ubiquitous an item of mobile-powered lifting equipment, was little known in British industry before the war, and the few then in use were mainly imported from the United States. The idea had originated in Britain, but the Liverpool firm that first produced these trucks in the early '30's was unable to interest industry here in the depression years, and few were sold. During the war, with the shortage of labour, the American firms that had begun to make fork lift trucks sold many thousands to American industry, and a large number were shipped to Britain under lend-lease. With the encouragement of the Ministry of Supply, a number of British firms began

Outside the manufacturing field, and the construction industries, mechanical handling has progressed rather more slowly. It is gradually being adopted in railway transport as the modernisation of freight termini, wagons and sidings allows; the familiar railway loading crane is being supplemented by lift trucks, small-scale conveyors and overhead handling equipment. British Railways are interested in new developments; recently, for instance, they have bought a number of "Robotugs," small mobile haulage units, that automatically follow a wire laid down on the floor of a warehouse or yard. A number of road vehicles, again, are being fitted with lifting equipment that can pick up and deposit heavy loads on a movable tailboard. In wholesale warehousing, the fork lift truck is now fairly generally accepted.

For equipment that so blatantly sets out to save unskilled labour, mechanical handling plant in recent years has received a comparatively fair wind from British trades unions. The converse of labour scarcity has, of course, been that alternative jobs are not hard to find: so there have not been many cases in which the installation of new handling plant has been sharply opposed. In the docks, where there is a tradition of casual work and poor labour relations, occasional strikes have occurred over the introduction of bulk handling equipment for cargoes such as sugar and flour: but there have been occasions in one or two ports, on the other hand, where the unions have complained because employers have not yet put in modern machinery. On the factory floor, the man who used to have to heave up a casting from a trolley is not averse to letting "iron hands" or a hook conveyor do it for him; particularly when it offers him the chance to graduate from unskilled work into the rather better-paid and much more respectable ranks of the "semi-skilled."

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*



FROM BRITAIN TO AUSTRALIA: One of the quadrants of the spiral casing built by the English Electric Co. Ltd. is lifted by crane on board the S.S. *Ajana* at Liverpool Docks. The heavy lift was an intricate operation.

BRITISH PARTS FOR A DAM IN AUSTRALIA

The picture *above* shows the components of a spiral casing of a 69,000-b.h.p. at 214 r.p.m. reaction water turbine destined for the Warragamba Dam, situated in the foothills of the Blue Mountains, in the Warragamba Gorge, 50 miles west of Sydney, New South Wales. The parts are seen loaded on trailers during the journey from the English Electric Company's Netherton Works, where the reactor was built, to Liverpool Docks for loading on the S.S. *Ajana*. The dam, destined to be the largest in the Southern Hemisphere, is estimated to cost £A24,000,000.

WITH GREAT CARE AND PRECISION: Workmen guide the components of the spiral casing into position between other pieces of cargo in the hold of the vessel for the voyage from Liverpool to Australia.

NINE MONTHS OF PROGRESS AT HUNTERSTON

Above—**ALL SET FOR WELDING: The bottom section of the 70-ft.-diameter, 3-in.-thick pressure vessel for the first reactor of the Hunterston Nuclear Power Station, on the Ayrshire coast, is formed ready for welding on the apron. The station, which will have an installed generating capacity of 360 mW. and an ultimate net electrical output of 320 mW., is being built for the South of Scotland Electricity Board by the General Electric Company Limited in association with Simon-Carves Ltd., the Motherwell Bridge and Engineering Company Ltd., and Mowlem (Scotland) Ltd.**

On right—**GOLIATH TAKES SHAPE: The 300-ton Goliath crane, which will lift the main steel structures into position, is seen during the final stages of erection. The crane, which has a height and span of more than 200 ft., took only 5½ months to erect—a considerable engineering achievement. The foundations of the first reactor have been completed and work on the reinforced concrete superstructure is now proceeding. The imposed load of the reactor structure is carried to bedrock by means of a reinforced concrete raft cast in three lifts upon mass concrete fill.**

On right—

INDIA'S BIG RIVER SCHEME

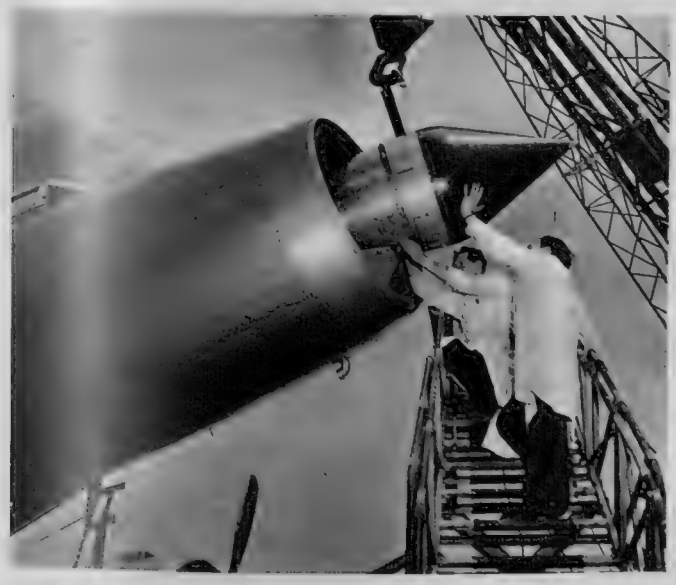
The picture on the right illustrates one of the great projects now under way in India. It is a view of part of the vast Bhakra-Nangal scheme for irrigation and power production which, by holding back the flood-waters of the Sutlej River, in Punjab State, will provide 12,500 cusecs (cubic feet per second) of irrigation water in a region where the rainfall averages only 12 ins. a year. The main feature of the work, which is claimed to be one of the largest non-military construction projects being built to-day, is the Bhakra Dam. With a minimum height of 760 ft. and a crest length of 1,700 ft., the base of this enormous mass concrete dam has a maximum width of 650 ft. In all, the dam will contain upwards of 5,000,000 cub. yards of concrete.

Further downstream the Sutlej River from this massive dam is the smaller Nangal Dam. This has a height of 90 ft. and a length of 955 ft. The main purpose of the smaller dam is to control fluctuations of the river level caused by the operation of the turbines below the Bhakra Dam and to divert irrigation water into the Nangal Canal. Additional hydro-electric power is produced below the Nangal Dam at the Nangal power-houses containing a generating capacity of 24,000 kW. Incorporated in the dam are twenty-six waterways, with the piers between 7 ft. thick. They were constructed of precast concrete blocks with a mass concrete hearting.

On top of the piers is carried a railway line and a highway and this loading has been taken into account and the dam also designed to withstand hydraulic pressure, uplift, wave action, earthquakes and a differential water head on each side of the barrage of 5 ft. of water. Earth coffer-dams were used to enclose the dam, which was constructed in two sections so as to allow the river to flow in its natural channel while the dam was being completed.

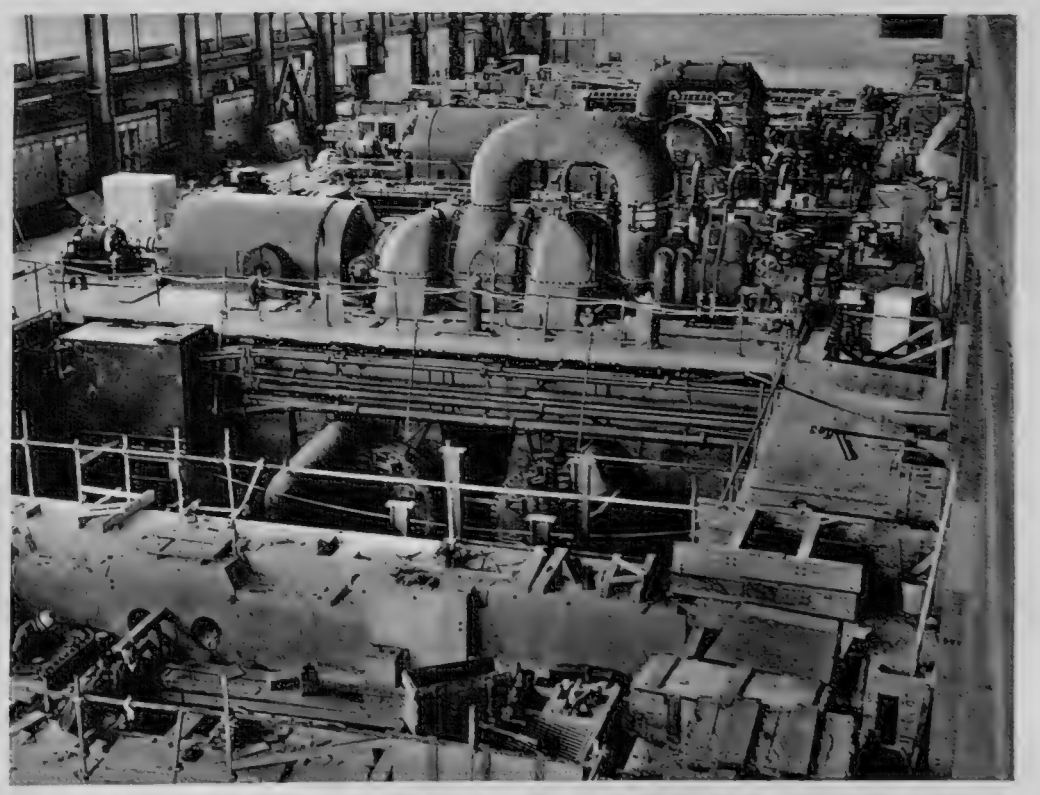
To allow the final parts of construction in the steep-sided gorge of the river, the river flow is now being diverted through two 50-ft. diversion tunnels, one each side of the dam.

The hydraulic flow through them during low flows is governed by the inlet portal. When the tunnel begins to flow full the outlet portal controls the flow until the outlet is drowned when the head of water between the two ends of the tunnel determines the flow passing through the tunnels. With the completion of the Bhakra Dam, 100,000 kW. of electrical power will be raised along the Nangal Canal and eventually irrigation will be given during the whole of the year to some 6,000,000 acres of land.



NEW RADAR FIRE CONTROL SYSTEM

The new radar and fire control system developed for Britain's new supersonic all-weather fighter—the English Electric P.1B—was produced by Ferranti Ltd., at Edinburgh. Known as AIRPASS (Airborne Interception Radar and Pilots' Attack Sight System), the method is one of the most advanced and versatile airborne radar systems in the world. It comprises an advanced radar unit and a sightseeing system. The former gives information to the pilot in simple, usable form, thus enabling him to intercept the target and lock the radar beam to it. Thereafter the radar accurately and automatically tracks the target. It feeds information to the sighting system where it is presented to the pilot in such a way that he can quickly and easily move into a suitable position from which to attack. The Sight ensures that the weapons are correctly aimed, even though the target may be invisible to the pilot and travelling at supersonic speed. A feature of the system is an automatic warning device incorporated to tell the pilot when to break off the attack if he should approach close enough to be in danger of colliding with the target.



FIRST RELIEF FROM POWER CRISES IN NEW ZEALAND

The critical winter power shortages which have endured since the war in the North Island New Zealand, will be partly solved when the Mercer Steam Generating Plant, fired by coal, produces its first 30,000 kilowatts next month. The view above shows two of the six turbines which have been installed at the plant, situated on the banks of the Waikato. When all six turbines are working the output will be 180,000 kilowatts. Labour disputes among the 1,100 workers engaged on the plant's construction have plagued the contractors since work began in 1956 and the first power will be produced next month only if there are no more serious holdups. The total cost of the project is expected to be in the region of £16,500,000.

The Middle East Crisis

POINTS ON THE MAP

Places and Peoples in the Trouble Area

The map, specially drawn for THE SPHERE, provides background to the mass of news pouring in from the Middle East. The two rival Arab blocs which straddle the area from the Mediterranean to the western border of Persia are a focus-point for starting a survey. The United Arab Republic (shaded in vertical stripes) consists of Egypt and Syria. Yemen, south-west of Saudi Arabia and not on the map, has acceded to this alliance but is not integrated in full membership. The Arab Union (shaded in horizontal stripes) was formed by the federation of the two Hashemite kingdoms of Jordan and Iraq. Since the assassinations in Bagdad at the beginning of last week, the Union's future has been uncertain. King Feisal was Head of the Federation, General Nuri its Prime Minister. The military clique which seized power in the Iraqi capital has been recognised by Colonel Nasser, President of the United Arab Republic, but up to last Monday the Iraqis had not asked to join the U.A.R.

Round the two blocs spread the other nations of the Middle East. Sudan for some months has had tense relations with Egypt, on one occasion the Government in Khartoum getting the better of Nasser in a frontier dispute. Saudi Arabia, still in many respects a feudal monarchy, stretches over vast tracts of desert and draws wealth from the oil beneath the sands. Persia is another great oil-producing country, with the comparatively short frontier with Turkey on the north-west and Soviet Russia menacing in the north. Along the Mediterranean coast are Lebanon and the "odd-man-out" in the Arab world, Israel.

Britain has her vital interests in the colony of Cyprus, and in three states in special treaty relations on the Persian Gulf—Kuwait, Bahrein, and Qatar. All three last are oil-producers.

Oil is the source of wealth of the Middle East. As can be seen, there is no network of railways and production is either exported by ship from ports on the Persian Gulf or pumped by pipeline to the Mediterranean shores. There are two main pipe-lines. One runs from Kirkuk, in Iraq, south-west across the Tigris and the Euphrates, and forks into two branches. The northern fork traverses Syria and Lebanon and has outlets in Banias and Tripoli. The southern branch through Rutbah and on to Jordan and the Israeli port of Haifa has not been in use for ten years.

The second long oil artery is the Trans-Arabia pipe-line, from the Persian Gulf across the north of Saudi Arabia to Jordan and its terminal at Sidon, in Lebanon. There are also two short pipe-lines. One forming a triangle, Fao (on the Persian Gulf)-Basra-Rumailia, and the other a stretch from Eilat, in Israel, at the head of the Gulf of Aqaba, to Beersheba.

Into this setting the Americans and the British sent troops at the requests of the Lebanese and Jordanian Governments last week. The Americans first landed marines from the Sixth Fleet on the coast at Beirut, in Lebanon. Forces were later air-lifted to Adana, in Turkey, and from there flown down to the Lebanon. Britain, from two bases, Cyprus and Aden, despatched troops by air to Jordan and to reinforce the regular garrison on Bahrein. Elsewhere there was a Royal Air Force unit for control duties at Habbaniya, in Iraq. According to reports a few days ago, its members were all well and everything was quiet.

Finally, to complete the military picture, Russia was holding massive military manœuvres north of the Persian frontier on both sides of the Caspian Sea. President Nasser, after his secret visit to Moscow, had inspected United Arab Republic troops near the Syrian border with Lebanon.

U·S·S·R
RUSSIAN MANOEUVRES
450 miles to Bagdad
Baku
CASPIAN SEA
U·S·S·R
RUSSIAN MANOEUVRES
Tabriz
AIN ZALAH
Mosul
JAWAN
QASAB
NAJMAH
QAIYARA
Kirkuk
Tehran
Hamadan
Kermanshah
NAFT KHANEH
NAFT-I-SHAH
EUPHRATES
Habbaniya
Bagdad
TIGRIS
IRAQ
PERSIA
Isfahan
LALI
MASJID-I-SULAIMAN
NAFT SAFID
HAFTKEL
Basra
Abadan
AGHA JARI
PAZANUN
RUMAILIA
AZ ZUBAIR
GACH SARAN
KUWAIT
Fao
Kuwait
Mena-el-Ahmadi
BURGAN
Bushire
PERSIAN GULF
ABU HADRIYA
ARABIA
Dhahran
BAHREIN
ABQAIQ
AINDAR
BRITISH LANDINGS AT BAHREIN
QATAR
ITHMANIYA
Riyadh
HARADH
TRUCIAL OMAN
GULF OF OMAN
OMAN
UNITED ARAB REPUBLIC
ARAB FEDERATION
INTERNATIONAL BOUNDARIES
OIL FIELDS
OIL PIPE LINES
RAILWAYS
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The World of Books

BROADCAST TALKS IN PRINT

A Volume of Pieces from Woman's Hour; Finland and Spain; A Prussian Soldier of Fortune; New Novels by Edward Hyams and Mazo de la Roche

THE techniques of writing for book publication and writing material which you will later speak over the air are so different from each other that they require a whole separate set of rules and of styles. It is only seldom that a broadcast talk reads well in print—Max Beerbohm's are the supreme example of this if one excepts the great Churchillian speeches. Yet every once in a while comes a charming and more homely approach to radio-plus-book and it is genuinely successful. Mrs. Antonia Ridge has often spoken on *Woman's Hour*, I am told, and now a selection of twenty-four of her pieces has been made under the title, no doubt justified, of BY SPECIAL REQUEST (Faber. 10s. 6d.). Mrs. Ridge's little talks are in many cases domestic, but not in the narrow, stove-and-sink sense. She is herself half-Dutch and writes charmingly about birthday parties in "Omsterdom," and about odd corners of Normandy and Brittany. Lightly handled, perceptive and with a common denominator of well-mannered humour.

Mr. Oswell Blakeston's recent holiday in Finland has resulted in an agreeable travel book, SUN AT MIDNIGHT (Blond. 21s.), which gives the reader an armchair tour in summer conditions round and about this odd and rewarding country. Unusual it certainly is in many of its aspects, whether it is the elaborate houses built as holiday places by the Russians in Tsarist days, or the town where even the factories are things of beauty, or the national obsession, *sauna*, the Finnish form of steam bath plus cold dip. Some trains run on wood fires, some castles are quaint yet exquisite, some of their characters both in fact and in legend are more than life-size. There is no doubt that Mr. Blakeston enjoyed his thorough-going travels since, in a final appendix, he lists the means of reaching Finland by sea, rail and air and thoughtfully adds the prices.

PENINSULAR PARADOX (Macgibbon and Kee. 25s.) is Mr. Peter de Polnay's examination of the provinces of Spain as they reflect the idiosyncrasies of the townsfolk and country people. The book itself reflects the fact that the author has a profound feeling for Spain and the Spanish and that, during the years he has constantly been visiting Spain he has by intuition and a talent for friendship come to understand a great deal of the national character. Mr. de Polnay has called his book a survey, correctly enough, and it has something of the ordered air of a comprehensive report as its chapters move through provinces and towns, but with that the resemblance ends. The author's own manner of writing, discursive and easy, takes over to provide a likable and tremendously informative volume.

Mr. John D. Fitzgerald has written another diverting book of reminiscences in which the Mormon lady who was his mother features prominently and in which he writes of the American West as it was not so very long ago. MAMMA'S BOARDING HOUSE (W. H. Allen. 16s.) takes up the saga of Mamma from the time when, Papa having died, there is a pressing need to reconstruct the family finances and to plan the futures of the five boys and girls. The most remarkable thing about Mamma throughout all her adventures is not the fact that she has been brought up as a strict Mormon but that neither the row consequent on her marriage to an Irish Catholic, nor the gunplay that sometimes echoed round the streets of the little town, nor all the vicissitudes of a pretty hard life could ever faze her. Still slim and pretty in her forties, Mamma ran her boarding-house and the boarders, looked after her big family and chatted with the town drunk or the town girls with equal composure and grace. Her story, so affectionately told, is heart-warming, unconventional and very good fun.

Walther Stennes is a German character whose whole life has been devoted to fighting and who appears to have moved across the world not so much in search of the big battalions as a little ahead of them. THE AMIABLE PRUSSIAN (Blond. 18s.) is his biography by Mr. Charles Drage and the reader will judge to what degree the title is appropriate. Stennes was born into a military family and at the end of the First World War was a subaltern with six decorations and four wounds. After that he fought against German Communists, Russian Bolsheviks, Rhineland Separatists and the Allied armies of occupation. Under Hitler he commanded all the Brown Shirts east of the Elbe, but later organised a fighting front against the Nazis. The Gestapo threw him into prison and, on release, he escaped to China. Fighting again against the Communists and the Japanese, he survived both and eventually returned to Germany. Mr. Drage acknowledges that the subject of his book is both tactless and uncompromising; he is also, and demonstrably, extremely brave. I find it, however, a little hard to take the last paragraph in which the amiable Prussian pontificates on our country and the sacrifices we should make.

TAKING IT EASY (Longmans. 16s.) is the best novel I have read this week and well worthy of recommendation even to the people whom it may annoy. Mr. Edward Hyams has a main theme which, if I do not misinterpret it, is that the failing, even the vice, of our age, is a refusal to become involved in either world troubles or the dilemmas of individuals. Taking it easy would, in fact, mean a more or less cynical disregard of one's fellows. The hero, who is also the narrator, is a man whose early experiences encourage this particular kind of *insouciance* in him and who comes to an opposite and difficult view of life, not to say a self-sacrificing one, through a series of fortuitous strokes of bad luck. Occasionally, I must say, he seems to encourage the bringers of misfortune, but he is, throughout the story, a man of compassion and integrity. I found this an absorbing study of a man's life. Mr. Hyams, by and large, has written a really impressive book.

The next three novels are American in origin and the first of them is A FOREST OF TIGERS (André Deutsch. 15s.), by Mr. Robert Shaplen, who writes of Vietnam in 1950. The scene is Saigon, the political atmosphere is

A CANADIAN HOMESTEAD IN LONDON: Miss Mazo de la Roche, the authoress of the *Jalna* novels, stands at the entrance of the publishing house of Macmillan and Company Ltd., in St. Martin's Street, with Mr. Maurice Macmillan (left), M.P. for Halifax and son of the Prime Minister, and Mr. Daniel Macmillan, the company's chairman. To celebrate the 100 years covered in writing of family life at Jalna by Miss de la Roche, the publishers had transformed their headquarters into a typical Canadian homestead.

tense and the principal protagonist is an American co of wider sympathies than, perhaps, his Department adm Readable, with an obviously authentic background bu style which approximates—if that were possible—to dead level reading aloud of a Marlon Brando, in wh the incidents of drama, violence and lust appear to h been recorded on some kind of tape machine.

THE MACKEREL PLAZA (Gollancz. 15s.) is a no of New England without reference to the Pilgrim Fath It is consciously irreverent and yet has a core of very r religious feeling. It is hilariously funny, outrageous of excruciatingly analytical and, utterly in its own mann contains many references to the great works of Beat Potter. Mr. Peter de Vries is not quite like any oth American writer whom I can recall since he is, beyo doubt, a fictional law to himself.

It cannot be said, on the other hand, that the works Miss Mazo de la Roche are unpredictable. They follo as excellent and established a pattern as the formal curlicu of a Paisley shawl. CENTENARY AT JALNA (Ma millan. 15s.) is the newest of these chronicles of Canadi life and, for anyone who has just joined this readi audience, I would add that it has absolutely nothing do with the West, wild or otherwise, with timber men with trappers. On the contrary, these stories (this is t fifteenth of them) are all concerned with an extreme civilised family who live on an estate in Ontario, bree horses for pleasure and profit, own to an excessive fami pride and have as many and as uncomfortable fami ramifications as Medicis or Mormons. Miss de la Roch has the gift of spinning yarns that somehow *must* be rea to their ends and of convincing the reader, while he enthralled, that her spell is genuine magic.

First novels always make an especial demand as muc as a special appeal. Such first offerings hold promise and portents by their very nature. Sometimes they are good in themselves that their own literary stance wi bear their weight without reference to the past or th future. THINGS FALL APART (Heinemann. 15s.) not quite in this latter category but it is a novel of very rea interest partly because its author, Mr. Chinua Achebe, is Nigerian and there are not many Nigerian novelist writing in English, and partly because the tale he has t tell is of a Nigerian tribe, sixty years ago, existing under the first menaces of alien civilisation and the perpetual menace of their own superstitious traditions.

A TIME TO BE HAPPY (Gollancz. 16s.) is another first novel but although a more sophisticated affair it has, I think, no more impact than young Mr. Achebe's. Mrs. Nayantara Sahgal has already written a volume of reminiscence which owed part of its interest to the fact that she is Madame Pandit's daughter and Nehru's niece, but part, to the fact that she is a natural, rather elegant writer. The present excursion into fiction is less relaxed and seems to be half-way between fiction and fact, but it retains some of the grace of the first essay into authorship.

The two historical novels this week have in common only their writers' serious regard for authenticity. THE WIND IN THE FOREST (Hutchinson. 16s.) is Mrs. Inglis Fletcher's romantic reconstruction of a political crisis in eighteenth-century North Carolina and it has the advantage of the author's strong feeling for the history of her own state. SON OF DUST (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 16s.) is Miss H. F. M. Prescott's scholarly and exciting story of Normandy in the eleventh century. A wonderful book on many counts.

Vernon Fane

HOPE AND DESPAIR

Adventures in Many Countries

Many will remember the exploits of Richard Pape, who pulled no punches in describing his experiences as a wartime escaper. The same is true of Anthony Delmayne, who joined the French Foreign Legion in 1939, was in North Africa when France fell, and was soon marked down for a living death in one of the forced-labour camps. SAHARA DESERT ESCAPE (Jarrolds. 16s.) describes how eventually he escaped from the Legion's clutches; it is indeed a breath-taking tale. When Mr. Delmayne and his travelling companion, another ruthless fellow, were not clinging to the undersides of railway waggons, escaping the police and their dogs, or otherwise living dangerously, they seemed to be having more than their share of amorous adventures, grave, gay, and sordid. This is not a book for the squeamish. One thing seems quite certain, the film-makers will not be able to resist it.

Harry J. Greenwall has written an inevitably depressing book about what happened WHEN FRANCE FELL (Allan Wingate. 15s.). It could not have been otherwise, for anyone who witnessed the last days as the Germans poured in across the frontiers, with collaborators and defeatists to help them on their way, knows the atmosphere of fear, decadence and corruption that pervaded every phase of national life. Mr. Greenwall was living in those days at Chantilly, the French Ascot. He has a first-hand story to tell of the utter confusion which prevailed everywhere. Later, after receiving instructions from London, Mr. Greenwall stayed behind in France, passing himself off as a Frenchman and reporting all he saw. This period of French collaboration was, if anything, even more depressing than that which preceded the French defeat. A great shroud of silence has surrounded the period for the simple reason that people just do not want to be reminded of it all; but here it is for the record and what an utterly tragic, shameful record it is!

By contrast, and, on occasions, in almost heartening vein, is Christine Hotchkiss' HOME TO POLAND (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 21s.), an account of a visit to her old homeland by a Polish-born writer seeing the country for the first time in eighteen years. Mrs. Hotchkiss travelled freely from the Baltic to the Czech frontier, talking to students, farmers, shopkeepers, factory managers and even Gomulka himself, that remarkable politician whose tightrope act has had the world wondering for many months past. There are some remarkable impressions in this book, but perhaps the most remarkable is the summing-up of the strange, tortuous career of Marshal Rokossovsky, the Polish-born hero of Stalingrad, who advanced across Europe like a colossus in the closing days of the war. Distrusted alike in Russia, for being Polish, and in Poland, for being the tool of Stalin and Khrushchev, Rokossovsky might almost be a figure out of Greek tragedy. Every time he has sought to help Poland, and Mrs. Hotchkiss believes that this has been his deeply-felt desire, misfortune has dogged him, not least at the moment when he could have been the saviour of Warsaw. But for two months he halted at the gates watching the Polish Home Army battered by

ARVA OF TWIN-SPOTTED SPHINX: The horn on the rear of the body is characteristic of many Sphinx caterpillars. The picture, with the others on this page, is from *The World of Butterflies and Moths*, by Alexander B. Klots, published by Messrs. Harrap price 63s.

A HAWK MOTH: This European moth (*Macroglossa*) sucks nectar while hovering before a flower. Its wing muscles constitute 14 per cent. of the body weight; this gives it both a very fast and erratic flight and excellent control in stationary hovering.

BUTTERFLIES AND MOTHS

PARASITE: An ichneumon wasp (*Heteropelma*) attacks larvæ of the Red Humped Apple Worm (*Schizura concinna*) although these larvæ are protected by acid secretions.

AN IO MOTH LARVA: This large green, red and white larva is studded with clusters of sharp and poisonous spines. Such stinging hairs are unusually potent in the North American Io moth and its tropical relatives.

On right—

EMERGING FROM ITS CHRYSALIS: The adult Orange Barred Sulphur (*Phœbis philea*) fits together the two halves of its proboscis, as it clings to the shell of its chrysalis.

Below—

DISRUPTIVE COLORATION: The Swallowtail larva has eye spots on the thorax. Disruptive coloration is a term to denote markings which break up the appearance of the larva, making it look like separate objects.

Composing the Order Lepidoptera, butterflies and moths are the second largest group of the insects, and indeed of all animals. There are perhaps 100,000 species. Only beetles are more numerous. In size Lepidoptera range from tiny nepticulid moths, only .08 in. long, to the Hercules Emperor Moth, with a wing area of more than 40.8 square ins. They occur from the extreme Arctic to the tropical rain forests and the most arid of deserts. Some species live on the debris of bat caves or beehives, others burrow within the confines of a single leaf or bore deep in the living wood of trees. Most of them are plant-eaters, for that is their speciality.

The World of Butterflies and Moths, by Alexander B. Klots, published by George Harrap and Co. at 63s., is a handsome volume in the same style as previous works in The Living Nature Series. Dr. Klots, a noted entomologist of the City College of New York, provides readable and entertaining descriptions of the forms, colours, biology, and natural history of butterflies and moths from all over the world. A definitive work, sometimes slightly confusing the ignorant layman, it is the result of years of personal observation and study. It is profusely illustrated in black-and-white and in colour, which reproduces the immeasurably variegated colouring of these brilliant butterflies.

With the *élan* of an explorer, Dr. Klots describes little-known facets of this insect kingdom, how the butterfly uses silk not only to spin a cocoon but also as an important defensive measure, and how the same mechanism, which is responsible for the blue of the sky and the colours of the rainbow, is also the source of much of the colouring of Lepidoptera. Especially fascinating are the various mechanisms of defence; immobility and feigning death are practised by many butterflies and moths, particularly their larvæ. Some harmless species adopt the form and colouring of harmful species; edible butterflies fly around in safety because those preying on them cannot distinguish them from inedible species they have learnt to avoid. The small number of colour patterns which butterflies show to warn predators is attributed to the fact that the predator is incapable of learning many colour patterns; thus the protected butterflies show great similarities.

e German Wehrmacht, and this despite desperate ppeals for help. Rokossovsky could not act, he was nder Stalin's strict orders, and so thousands of loyal oles died cursing the name of the man who would ve been their comrade. This is a most moving book, d supremely well written.

Gerald Sparrow's travelogue RETURN TICKET obert Hale. 18s.) is a lively account of an entertaining urney to the Far East, to Colombo, Kandy, Singapore, angkok, Saigon, Hong Kong and Macao. Mr. Sparrow, barrister and a close observer, records the contemporary ene in each of the places on his travels. He is always formative, and his narrative is very much alive.

Here is an unusual work by two noted French eologists, H. Termier, Professor of the Faculty of cience at the Sorbonne, and G. Termier, of the National entre of Scientific Research, Paris. They call it THE EOLOGICAL DRAMA (Hutchinson. 30s.) and in it ey deal in some detail with many fundamental concepts geology which should appeal alike to the enquiring yman as well as the student. The book does not resent the usual survey of the geological periods and eir rocks and fossils, but deals with many of the great rinciples involved in the large-scale shaping of an habitable planet.

THE RHINO STAYED FOR BREAKFAST arrolds. 15s.) is the true story of the day-to-day xperiences of a young couple who set up home in Africa. he author, Marie Bartlett has a keen sense of humour. he needed not only that but great courage, living as she d under the constant threat of Mau Mau terrorism the height of the Kenya trouble. R. C. E.

NEWS FROM THE MOTORING WORLD

The Coupe Des Alpes; New Vehicles; the French Grand Prix

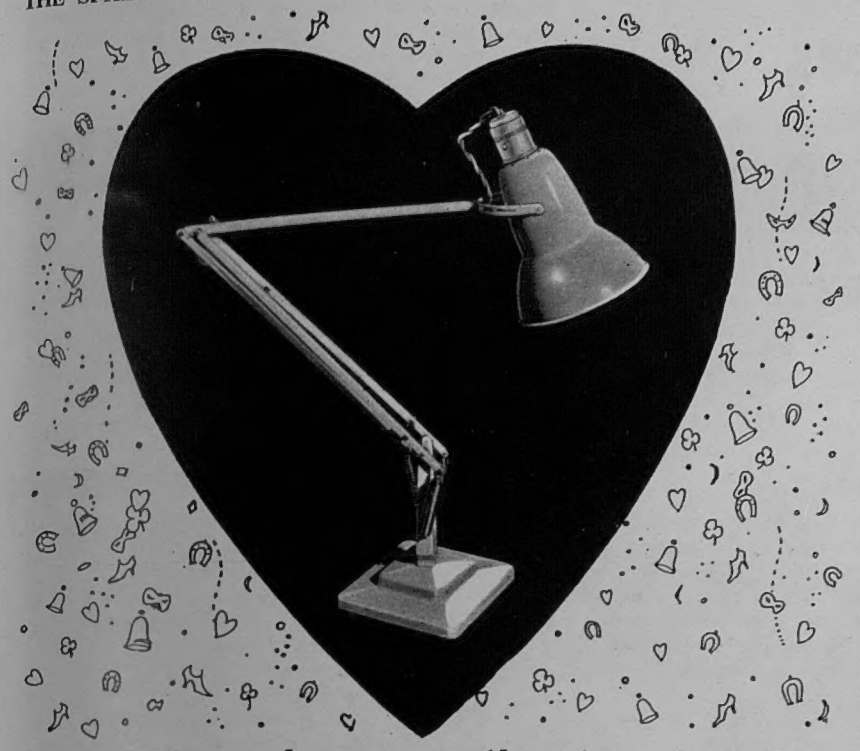
THE COUPE DES ALPES MOTOR RALLY: Peter Harper and his co-driver, Peter Jopp, leading the Sunbeam Rapier official works team, approach the Passo di Gavia. The Sunbeam was one of only seven out of fifty-six cars to complete the difficult 2,355-mile course without penalisation. Out of the seven coveted Coupes des Alpes awarded this year, four went to British drivers—E. Harrison (Ford), P. Harper (Sunbeam), W. Shepherd (Austin-Healey), and K. Ballisat (Triumph). Although this was a most satisfactory result from the British point of view, the French rally drivers as a whole—most notably the official Renault team—were absent. This meant some classes were dominated by British cars. The strongest French representation was in Italian Alfa Romeos in one class. Three of these cars, driven by Consten and Clarou (France) and Reiss (Germany), took the first three places in the general classification. For this, bonus marks in times tests were taken into account.

OVER THE TONALE PASS: The Ford Zephyr, driven by Edward Harrison, is on its way to fifth place in the General Classification of the Alpine Rally. It also gained first place in the over 1,600 c.c. category. Second in this class was another Zephyr.

On right—
A GIGANTIC ARTICULATED COACH: In Fleet Street, in London, while being demonstrated before going to America, is a Super Golden Eagle coach. It was built in Germany with a Rolls-Royce 275 h.p. diesel engine and has 63 seats.

THE M.G.A. TWIN CAM: Undergoing inspection and demonstration at the Ministry of Supply Fighting Vehicles Research and Development Establishment at Chertsey, in Surrey, are two of the new versions of the M.G.A. The new car is fitted with a twin overhead camshaft engine and disc brakes. Said to be capable of 120 m.p.h., the Twin Cam has all the traditional M.G. features and is offered in open and coupe form. The former costs £1,265 17s., with tax, and the coupe just under £100 more.

THE FASTEST-EVER FRENCH GRAND PRIX: Mike Hawthorn crosses the finishing-line to win the Grand Prix de l'A.C.F. at Rheims. *On right*—Hawthorn's Ferrari roars down the long straight past the pits. Driving with immaculate precision, the British driver never lost the lead in the process of winning his first Grand Prix since Barcelona in 1953. Behind him developed a fierce battle between Juan Fangio in the new lightweight Maserati, Jean Behra in the B.R.M. and Stirling Moss in the Vanwall. For lap after lap of the race, averaging over 120 m.p.h., the three cars were within feet of each other. Near the end of the race Mike Hawthorn, without warning, made the fastest lap at 128·17 m.p.h. Moss came second in the sole surviving Vanwall, with Von Trips in a Ferrari third and Juan Fangio fourth. The race was marred by the fatal accident to Luigi Musso, Italy's leading driver.



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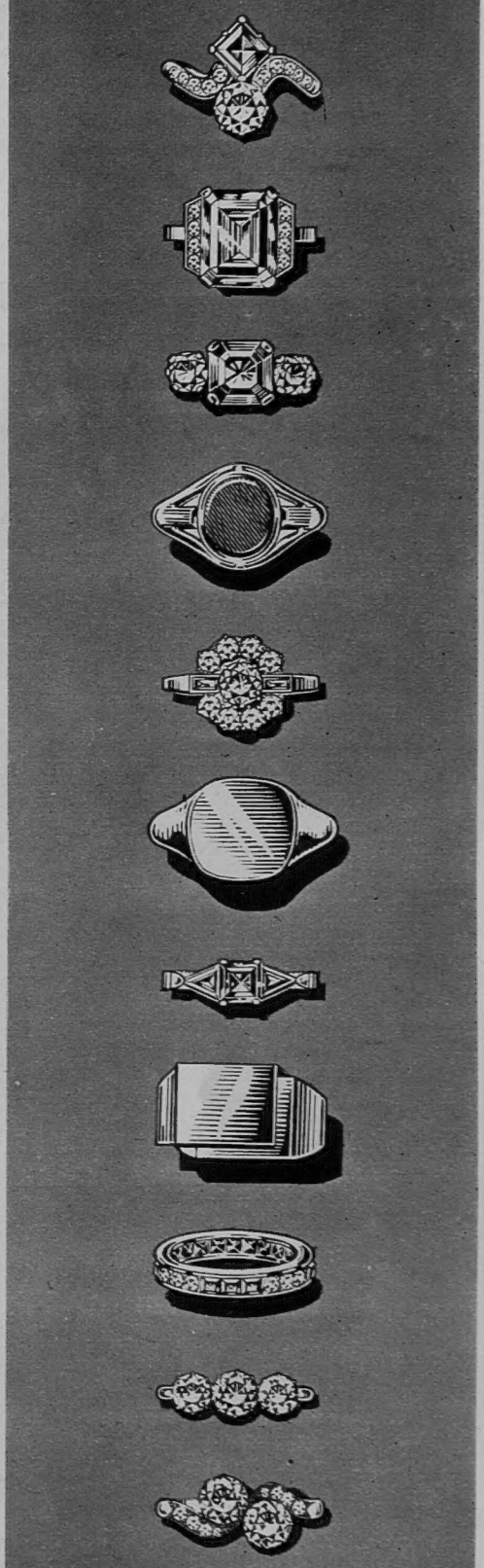

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ROAD SAFETY PROBLEMS

Danger from Diesel Exhaust Fumes; A New Daimler; British Cars Export Record; Road Accidents; Racing at Oulton Park; Motorists Abroad; and the Parking Meter Experiment

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

OF the several suggestions made by the Duke of Edinburgh on the subject of road safety at the Press lunch which traditionally followed the annual meeting of the Automobile Association, the one that interested me most was his reference to exhaust smoke from diesel-engined road vehicles. To my mind it is one of the most exasperating and dangerous features of present-day motoring. The use of compression-ignition engines in commercial lorries and vans is growing in Britain; and the countryside is being increasingly polluted by clouds of evil-smelling smoke which often blanket the road behind a lorry and then drift away to smother country cottages with their stench. I feel strongly about this problem.

It is high time the police were much more energetic in dealing with drivers of commercial vehicles who allow their exhaust pipes to belch clouds of smoke. These are particularly dangerous at night. To pass a diesel-engined lorry struggling up a hill is often more perilous than driving in dense fog. I do not think the Duke went far enough when he suggested that exhaust pipes should point upwards instead of sideways. During a recent trip to the Continent I saw a lot of vehicles so equipped. Their vertical exhaust pipes do protect motorists from direct impact and help to disperse the smoke, but the fumes remain.

A case at Winchester Assizes the other day drew attention to another of the growing evils of our times. A chief petty officer sued a Southampton police constable for wrongful arrest and assault. What happened was this . . . the C.P.O. drove his car home one day, pulled up outside his house and got out. The constable walked up to him and said "Move your car." The C.P.O. refused, saying "I am outside my own house and I have a right to be here." The policeman then said "I am arresting you for wilful obstruction." He took the C.P.O. to the police station. A summons was issued later and it was dismissed by Southampton Justices. Mr. Justice Lloyd Jones, at Winchester Assizes, awarded the C.P.O. £55 damages, with costs. I think motorists as a body should feel grateful to the C.P.O. for the action he took.

The case spotlights the fact that residential streets in city and town are getting seriously cluttered up with cars left outside their houses by motorists who have no garage, no room for a garage and no public facilities for parking or garaging within miles of their homes. Quite frankly, I don't see what can be done about it. You cannot order a man to build a garage for his car or tell him to move to another house if he has no room for a garage. What about flat-dwellers? It is a problem in which local authorities should show more interest.

They should either provide public garages or car parks or encourage private enterprise to do so. If the day ever comes when people in large numbers hold back from buying cars because they have nowhere to keep them, it would be a bad thing for the motor industry; and, because the motor industry is such an important part of the country's economic structure, it would be a bad thing for Britain as a whole. The Government, when it is trying to break a rail or bus strike, is more than glad that so many families in Britain run their own cars, motor-cycles or scooters!

I should imagine the new Daimler Majestic is aimed chiefly at the business man who wants a dignified six-seater saloon to impress his customers and to take him around quickly, comfortably and safely. It does all these things very well indeed. At £1,662 basic, increased by purchase tax to £2,495, the new car is an attractive proposition. It is only £100 more than the Daimler

TRADITIONAL LUXURY: The new Daimler 3·8-litre Majestic six-seater saloon is fitted with disc brakes on all four wheels with fully automatic Borg-Warner transmission. With a power output from the engine of 147 b.h.p. at unusually low revs., acceleration is rapid and the top speed for the car is said to be 100 m.p.h. At £2,495, with purchase tax, the new car is only £100 more than the Daimler One-O-Four, on which it is based.

One-O-Four, on which it is based. The Majestic is a 100-m.p.h. car with self-adjusting disc brakes all round and automatic transmission fitted as standard. It is surely a sign of the times, technically, that this new car has disc brakes on all four wheels and that it is offered only with an automatic gear-box.

The Borg-Warner system has been adopted, with its torque converter and two stages of epicyclic gearing. Mr. Edward Turner, now responsible for the firm's engineering policy, has been wise to incorporate in the Majestic transmission a device by which "middle" gear can be held for as long as the driver wishes. One of the weaknesses of the Borg-Warner gear-box, as fitted to a number of cheaper British cars, is that the driver cannot keep it in middle gear when he wants to. It changes into top gear automatically when a certain road speed is reached. For drivers who like to use their gears for braking, especially on a steep hill, this is annoying, as Sir William Lyons realised when he fitted a control switch to his Jaguars. Now Daimlers have done the same with their new Majestic.

It is not generally realised, by the way, that in the Borg-Warner box top gear is a direct drive in which the torque converter is by-passed by the use of a directly coupled plate clutch. The engine of the new Daimler is a 6-cylinder, 3,794-c.c. unit developed from the 3,468-c.c. engine of the One-O-Four, the bore having been increased by nearly four millimetres. Compared with the One-O-Four, the interior of the Majestic is 4 ins. wider, the sides of the car having been brought out to merge more closely with the wing line. The radiator, which retains the traditional Daimler flutes, has been lowered by 2 ins. The One-O-Four continues in production but is available only with the Daimler pre-selective gear-box.

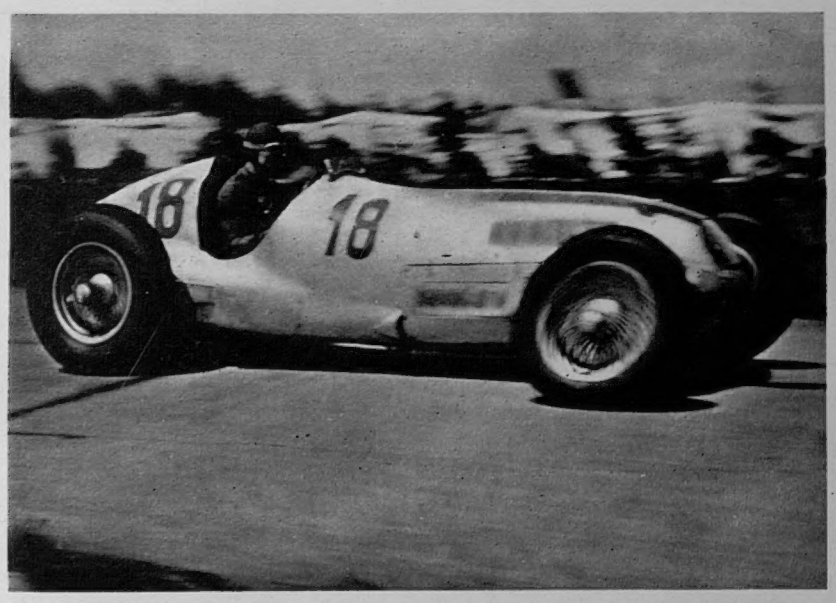
Congratulations to Britain's car builders on setting up a new all-time export record in May. They shipped abroad 47,892 cars at a value (which was also a record) of £18,019,044. Altogether 86,297 cars were built during May, compared with 81,255 in April and 76,378 in May last year. There is no doubt at all that British cars are establishing a fine record in many different export markets for performance, reliability and after-sales service. But the car business is one of the most competitive of them all and one of the most sensitive to economic conditions and ever-changing public fashion. There can be no let-up, no resting on laurels in the car business for either designers, production experts, salesmen or service managers.

I suppose Mr. Charles Trustram really did hit the nail on the head the other day when he said: "By all means check old cars for safety, but no road accident can normally occur until a human being gets into the driving seat." Mr. Trustram is chairman of the British Insurance Association, and he expressed the hope that magistrates would in future show a "greater readiness" to suspend offending drivers. Mr. Trustram has a vested interest in road safety, of course, but I do not think he can be accused of merely expressing a narrow, selfish viewpoint. It is the motorist who suffers in the long run if a high accident rate leads to prohibitive insurance premiums. Certainly there is some doubt, to say the least, whether penalties imposed by magistrates for really bad driving are either consistent or have a sufficiently deterrent effect.

I am not advocating automatic licence suspension for certain cases, but I am certain that many motorists would drive less selfishly and would watch their alcohol consumption a little more carefully if the risk of driving disqualification were greater.

There was much nostalgic interest for motor racing fans at a recent meeting at Cheshire's Oulton Park. The Vintage Sports Car Club had arranged a visit of two pre-war Mercedes-Benz Grand Prix cars: the 5.6-litre W125, built in 1937, and the W163, a 3-litre car built during 1938 and 1939.

Both cars are still capable of 200 miles an hour and it is claimed that the W125 is the most powerful racing car the world has seen. Its 8-cylinder-in-line engine develops 646 b.h.p. The Mercedes cars were sent from Stuttgart in honour of the late Dick Seaman, the famous pre-war British driver who was killed on the Francorchamps circuit at Spa, in Belgium. Seaman drove both cars during his three seasons with the Mercedes-Benz team. It was in the W163 that Seaman, in 1938, won the German Grand Prix. He is the only Englishman ever to have done so. Motor racing has changed quite a bit since those days. Top speeds have dropped by 20 m.p.h. or so, but because of better brakes, better suspension systems, improved tyre design and other factors, circuit speeds have gone up by nearly ten miles an hour.



A VINTAGE MERCEDES: The late Dick Seaman is seen at the wheel of a Mercedes-Benz W125 in the German Grand Prix on the Nurburgring in 1937. This car, probably the most powerful of all racing cars, and the W163, the 1938 3-litre model, were recently demonstrated at the Vintage Sports Car Meeting at Oulton Park.

The R.A.C. reports that in spite of the big increase in the number of motorists who are taking their cars to the Continent this year, requests for home routes by drivers who are spending their holidays in Britain are already 53 per cent. up on the 1957 figures. Last year the Club issued itineraries totalling more than 70,000,000 miles. Officials say the total this year will exceed 100,000,000 miles. The West Country is still the most popular touring ground. Next comes Scotland. This year there has been a big increase in the demand for routes to and inside Wales.

It is really too early to pass judgment on the parking meter experiment which started recently in London's Mayfair area. Obviously, however, meters have come to stay unless the Minister has second thoughts about the Parisian disc system. It is no good motorists complaining about not being allowed to park their cars in the streets of London just where they like. We are rapidly reaching the stage at which there just isn't enough kerb-space for everybody. When drivers start double-banking, motorists themselves should start complaining that the streets are not being kept clear for them to drive through. The available space must obviously be shared out fairly among the short-term parkers. For the all-day parker more garages and off-street parks must be provided as cheaply and as quickly as possible.

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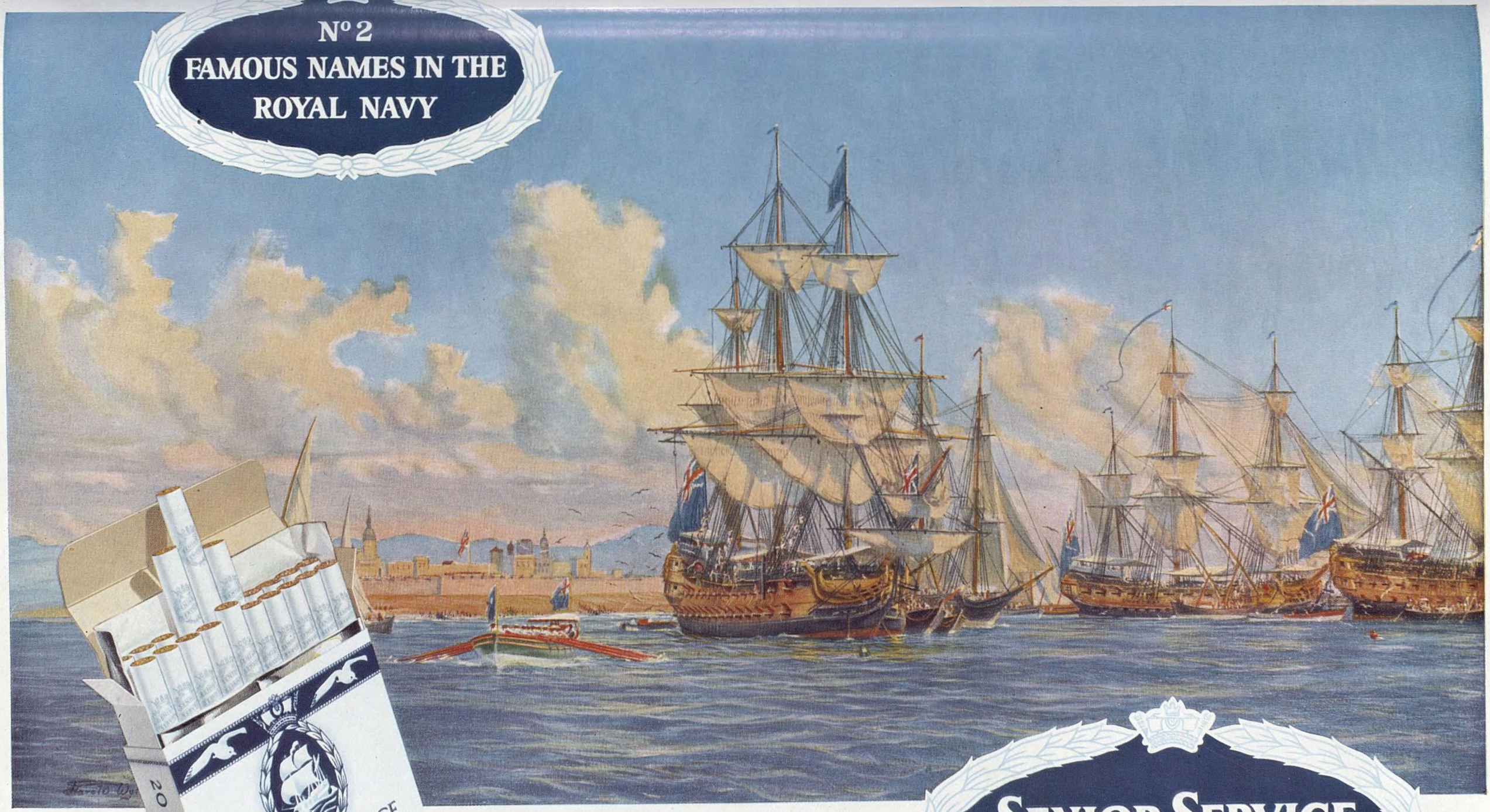
The Sphere

From a painting by Harold Wyllie, O.B.E., Society of Marine Artists

Nº 2
FAMOUS NAMES IN THE ROYAL NAVY



The cruiser H.M.S. SUPERB is the eighth to bear one of the Navy's favourite names. Among the most famous was the second SUPERB, built at Deptford in 1760. She served with distinction throughout the Indian wars in actions with romantic names like Sadras, Providien, and Cuddalore. The artist's reconstruction recaptures a typical scene as she lies off Fort St George, Madras, taking on stores and water after her successful action at Trincomalee.

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